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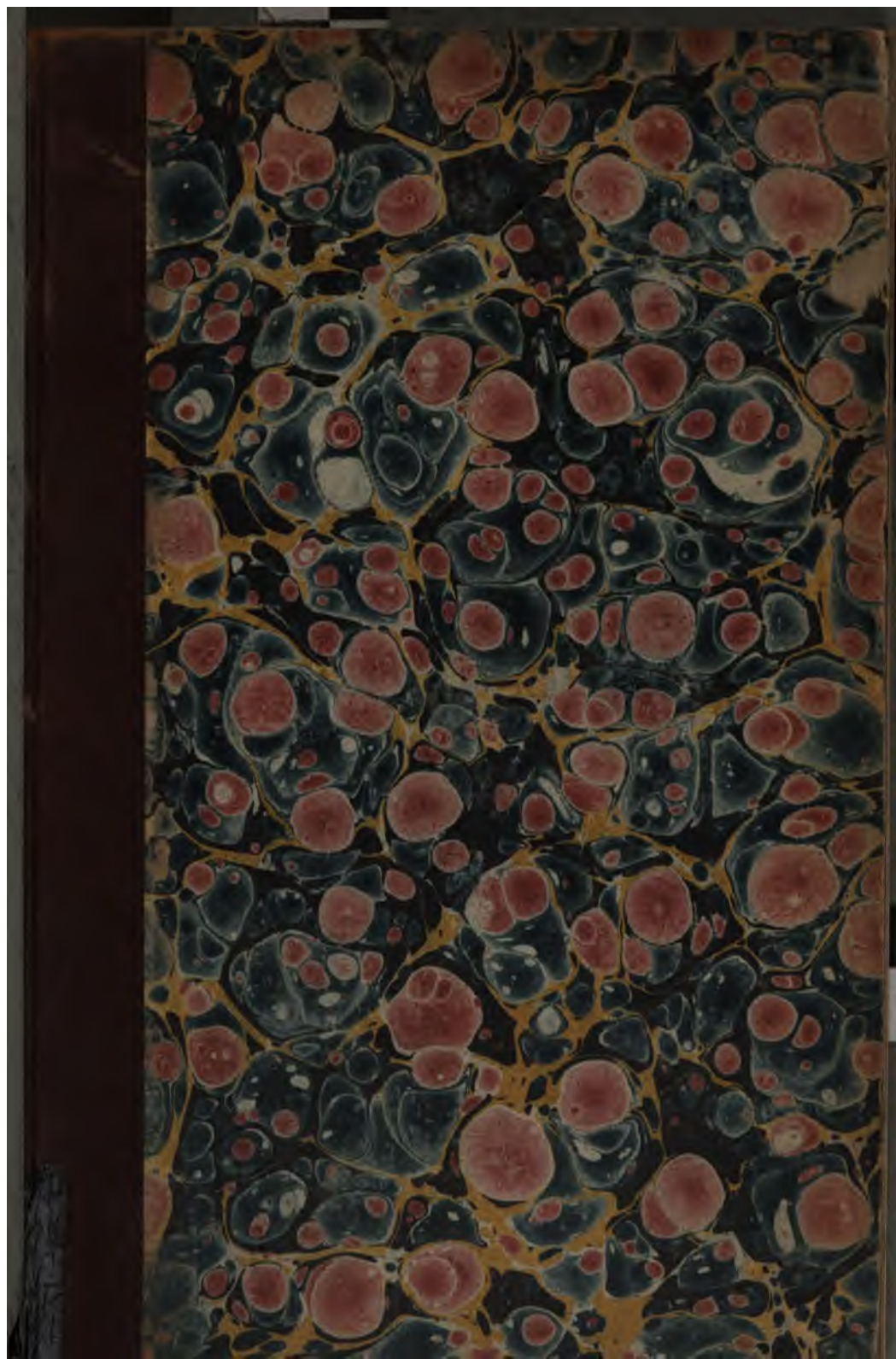
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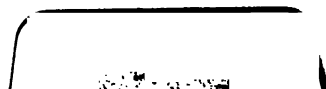
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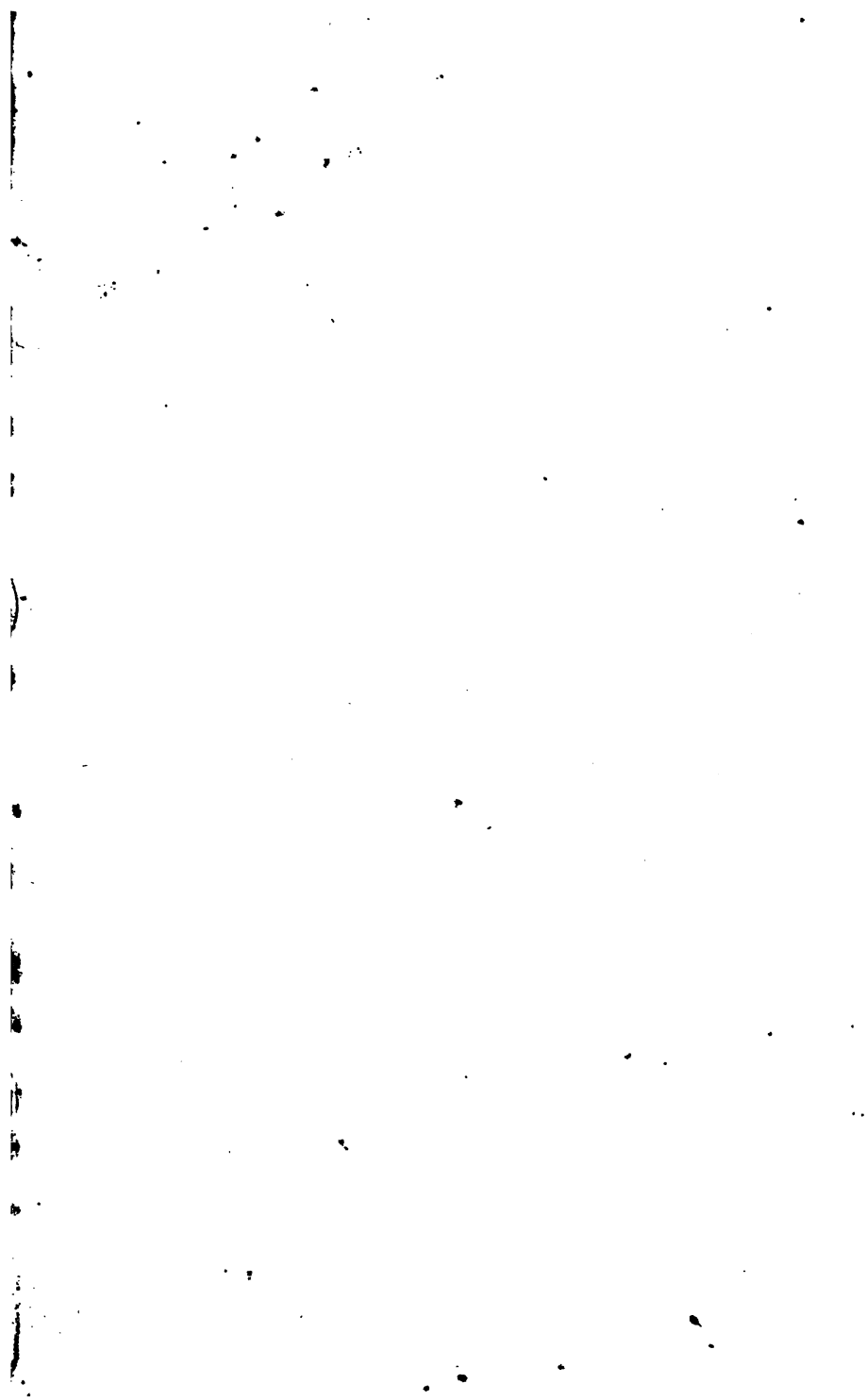
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1

P O E M S.

LONDON :
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ON THE
APPROACHING CLOSE
OF
THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

And other Poems.

BY
THE LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY.

LONDON :
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TO

MADAME LE VERT, OF MOBILE, ALABAMA,

These Pages are Dedicated,

AS

A SLIGHT TOKEN OF THE UNALTERABLE FRIENDSHIP OF ONE

WHO WILL EVER FEEL FOR HER

THE DEEPEST AND TRUEST AFFECTION.

1

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ON

THE ANTICIPATED CLOSE

OF

The Great Exhibition.

1

Soon 't will cease : yet, pure and precious light, thou 'rt richly lingering yet,
As in Lapland's lengthened summer, where the sun may never set ;
Let its influence live, far, far more proud than Lapland's summer-day,
From its light leap other Suns to gild Time's gladdened, brightened way.

2

'Mid unwintered fields grey Time shall tread, 'mid Earth's new amaranth-bowers,
Where the irradiate Everlastings still shall paint the passing hours ;
Bright, unwithering Peace—Love—Faith—they there shall all unchanged remain,
May the winter-reign of War and Hate ne'er now be known again !

3

First proud tone of that grand Harmony, that yet shall wakening burst,—
First pure Dawn of coming Day, of new developements the first,—
First great act of a concurrent World, joined in brave Thoughts and Deeds,
Tryst of all the tongues, tribes, classes, castes,—all hues, and climes, and creeds !

4

Like the tenderer Light Zodiacal, that treads in sun-paths fair,
Shines the unveiled illumination, through the dusk of mortal air,
Happy Light ! that if it doth not make Earth more distinct appear,
Shows the sky more marked above us—shows the great Heavens bright and clear.

5

Yet this shows both Earth and Heaven, and faint, strange outlines it displays,
That scarce seem so much the shapes of things, as scattered beams and rays ;
Hopes rise up like sunward Eagles, as though nought might wrong or mar,
Do they *feel* the great Sun shining, though to sight still faint and far ?

6

Shall the Nations form one League,—proud League !—ere the end of Time may be ?—
One colossal, vast Community, united, calm, and free ;
Not dissevered like the broken clouds of weakened, dying storms,
Nor dispersed like Tempest-scattered Fleets looming in sundered forms ?

7

Shall the Nations in one Stream—proud Stream !—join ere the end may be,
As great Rivers league and gather in one flood to face the sea ?
So, vast Amazon, dost thou in joy mixed waves to the Ocean pour,
Far the springs were, wide the courses, but once met they part no more.

8

Back, ye stumbling-blocks !—down, barriers ! signs and symptoms brighten fast ;
Lo, the features of the Future bear faint likeness to the Past :
There were hideous frowns and furrowings, stains and shadowings, scathes and scars,
In the Future, not for Evil, but for Good, rage happy wars.

9

Then the Nile of Nations on shall flow, in wide-spread waves sublime,
Nor shall leave unfertilized one field, one track, one rood of Time.
Nile of Nations ! strong in junction, in the associate fullness strong,
For the least to bring Gigantic Good, and guard from drought and wrong.

10

On precious vantage-ground shall all be placed, delivered from the fear
 Of the jealous watch and angry spleen of States too like or near ;
 Shall the o'er-ruling wisdom gleaned from all constrain the few or one,
 Who tumultuously o'erwrought, would weave dense clouds round Earth's fair sun.

11

They should learn at length that, fairly tried, with purpose staunch and whole,
 Not the invidious thoughts, the injurious heart, shall win, but the upright soul,—
 In some special craft each still shines most, by each accomplished best,
 Each by varying climes, and tastes, and needs, distinguished from the rest.

12

While for all they shape in common, all the strife should rage at home !
 Every step of self-improvement shines beyond the old Deeds of Rome ;
 Generous, bloodless strifes, those strugglings high, i' the heart of their own lands,
 Still to learn fresh modes and methods, strengthening well their labouring hands.

13

Then ne'er slackened or disheartened, let them strike brave blow on blow,
 Let them fight the Wars of Will and Wit,—proud triumphs they shall know !
 In self-improvement every step outshines all victories of old Rome,
 Still they bless the wide world richly, through those conflicts fought at home.

14

Still they learn fresh sleights, and steads, and shifts, that rightfully may aid
 Even as swords, and spears, and shields, in many a field of Work and Trade,—
 Many a fierce campaign of Commerce, many a conflict of proud Art,
 Many a wrestling strife of Science, wars of Brain, and Thought, and Heart.

15

Let them grasp their temper'd weapons, and no respite seek, nor rest,—
 High endeavours, glorious efforts,—brave pursuit, urged on and blessed !
 Not the crimson'd roses of the sword, their battle-grounds array,
 But the precious flowers of heaven and hope, crown their long Victory-day.

16

Then, when finished those Home-battles, let each guiltless conqueror rise,—
 Challenged, challenged be the nations then, for palm, and pride, and prize ;
 Then be glorious issues joined in friendliest rivalry awhile,—
 Shall the vanquished have glad share in all the vantage and the spoil !

17

Friendly foes, right cordial combatants, ye shall not shrink nor pause ;
 Brethren-Adversaries, ye that have, one heart, one trust, one cause !
 Haif !—proud Challengings, high Championships, that spread no stern alarms,
 Fertile feuds, blithe strifes, and busy broils, and just Assaults of Arms.

18

Brave exploits ! what weighty secrets shall be truth by truth disclosed,—
 What fierce Difficulties stormed,—stern Doubts beleaguered and opposed ;
 Soldiers staunch of Work ! strike deep—strike home,—since from each ringing blow,
 Comes but treasure and but blessing,—hope and help, instead of woe.

19

Shall their prowess not acknowledged be, because it gives no pain ?—
 Shall their brows be wreathed with no proud wreaths, because they are free from stain ?—
 Oh ! they bless all others and themselves, who fight without a foe,
 For their rivals are dear friends, if they Work's true high Spirit know.

* * * * *

20

Lo ! one deep, grand Thought, through differing minds, at far-off times did glance,—
 It lit the Star of the great Navarre, fired the Eagle-Lord of France ;
 A Thought that felt, what yet might be, and what surely should and shall,
 As the nations turn, as the peoples yearn, toward the one great goal of all.

21

Titan-lord of thrones !—thou Prince of War, and Empires swayed by thee,
 As though this dread World, that heaves with souls, thy plaything even might be !
 How that grand, strong Thought uplifted thee, with wings inspired on high,
 More near than thy vain Tower of Thrones to the sun and to the sky.

22

'T was a prescient Thought, misjudged by thee, while yet thy mind embraced,
 Though by hands of light on thy dark soul, prophetically traced ;
 But thou didst not learn its whole great depth, its wealth, its weight, its worth,—
 Thy Dream was self-aggrandizement, not the aggrandizement of Earth.

23

And yet there 'twas shadowed *faintly* forth,—the vast Imperial Plan,
 The Grand Congress of Creation's Heirs, the Government of Man !
 And one code, one rule, one boundless league, where all should mix and meet,
 Each world-strengthened with the strength of all, confederate and complete.

24

One broad, glorious Realm, One Law, One League, One mighty Human Band,—
 Thus within thy soul the Imperial Dream with earnest Thought was planned,
 And the great result of giant works, which yet should startle Earth,
 Cast stupendous shadow o'er thy mind, that missed that Dream's true worth.

25

Missed the brother love, the peace, the good, the high exalted aims,—
 Hopes 'twixt Earth and Heaven still hovering, such as Man nor mourns nor blames ;—
 And the grandeur of true greatness, which shall raise his race on high,
 When he waves no blood-red banners, to shut out the indulgent sky.

26

Though One Law, One League, One glorious Realm, One mighty Human Band,
 Thy deep, pondering thoughts could grasp and seize,—thy soul could understand ;
 Little 'twas that stern soul recked of good for the Individual gained,—
 Or of loftier moral heights to be by banded States attained.

27

For each nation should grow nobler still, and nobler evermore,
 Rent the veil, the narrowed walls, that cramped great daring flights before ;
 Larger lights and lesser lights should know, their province and their place,
 But with equal rights should each one run, the bright, long glorious race.

28

Competition every mind should urge, with strong incentives keen,—
 One great theatre this mighty world, one stage, one show, one scene ;
 The spectators thronged, and the audience, all the tribes of human kind,—
 No sole country's judgments fallible should loosen or should bind.

29

Should the immortal impulses thus spurred, each other prompt and lead,
 The inter-penetrating influences grow grander as they spread ;
 Still should every good and every grace, large growth by growth increase,
 Since bright wars of Emulation, should disturb those calms of Peace.

30

Then each mind to yet more giant girth should open and expand,
 Then should loftier ties raise loftier thoughts, past all we understand ;
 Lordlier Greatness, larger Good, should flow from each, to meet in all,
 Then should wide Ambitions prompt, and loud, Hope's thousand trumpets call.

31

Aye ! each Mind should then responsive rise, should gather and should grow,
 Even while mightier ties raised mightier thoughts,—past all we dream or know ;
 Aye ! Lordlier Greatness, loftier Good, each should bring as tribute there,
 And the expanding Glory's triumphs, each expanding Soul should share !

32

Gracious lessons let the nations learn, not written with the sword,
 Let each learn and teach,—with thoughts of fire, grave deed, and will, and word.
 In the Eternal image man is formed, would,—would his world were made,
 More in the image of the heavens by him, in one fair Whole displayed.

33

One grand whole in purpose, method, laws,—in scheme, and course, and aim,—
 For one end have all the good and great,—why separate and the same ?
 Why with interests wrenched asunder—which, in sooth, have one great goal ?
 Why the antagonising action of One yearning, kindred soul ?

34

Counter-distinguished coldly, why riven parts of one deep life?
 Why old systemed schools of discord still, to keep alive the strife?
 There are glorious jealousies,—away with prejudices base!—
 Generous contests,—down with those that even grave History weeps to trace.

35

Why in dull opposing phalanxes, the Peoples and the Powers?—
 Taught division from their cradles, strengthening upward with their hours;
 Why in harsh confronting sections, although wars may have surceased?
 Why the established difference ever, thus encouraged and increased?

36

But a mighty chain of Sympathies doth yet Earth's millions bind,
 And its links have living language,—ye shall learn it yet, mankind!
 There are generous Spirits struggling, too, to draw by that great chain,
 All the myriads and the masses so, they shall not part again.

37

There are glorious fruits that can be but by mutual action gained,
 There are wonderous heights that can but be by mutual help attained,
 Many a great work halts and waits,—some wrought in half-completion rude,
 Till the world's strong shoulder stoops to aid, for its own grace and good.

38

For its own great rise and good—in sooth, its benefit, its bliss,
 Which, while thus in scattered fragments spread, 'tis oft condemned to miss.
 Ah! the old faggot-fable rightly shows where strength and firmness lie,—
 Well to the Universal Family of man might that apply!

39

There are minds of giant purpose in the shallows shipwrecked now,
 Of the dwarfed and straightened forms and rules, that scarce free course allow;
 Cramped and wrenched from its true office, many a wide-sphered soul hath pined,—
 To a part, a point, thus fettered, and decaying, hath declined.

40

Or in narrower range thus circumscribed, th' armed thoughts have scorched and charred,
Where they had with ampler scope and play, lit, quickened, made—not marred ;
Like the sun's rays, when too centred, these, in lightning shafts, seemed hurled,—
Peril to the pettier portion, what were promise to the World.

41

Fathers these become of Factions, and of Anarchies and Feuds,—
Thus rebellions break forth, nourished in the slime of sullen moods ;
Give them ample marge and range, and they should 'scape from rocks and shelves,—
They breathe the close air into poison, for others and themselves.

42

And what Heaven meant even for All, in some slight, partial scheme employed,
Changeth straight its very nature,—then destroying and destroyed.
And much faileth, too, and much is lost that o'ersteps the envious bounds,—
Those which hem and hedge too closely in, while the ill-starred chain surrounds.

43

Lavished oft with spendthrift-waste, seem means and powers, on flickering aims,
When too many wild, conflicting winds toss life's unsheltered flames ;
Doubts, and strifes, and slights discourage,—while discountenanced designs,
Mouldering, change like frost-nipped fruit,—when not a Star of Promise shines.

44

Large may the offerings be, and noble,—meant for all to seize and share,—
Meant for all ?—then none shall claim them ;—still Distrust frowns muttering there ;—
A divided house seems Earth !—Earth jealous Schemes can understand,—
Through riven fragments trembling, strives she oft to wreck the Unchained and Grand !

45

And much stagnates that should largely flow, untrammelled as the Main,—
Would ye turn to inland rivers, Seas of might that scorn a chain ?
Not as inland rivers these can flow, 'twixt meadowy haunts to glide,—
They can serve and bless as Seas, but ye would straightening stint their tide.

46

Wide to spread, to heave in mountain-waves, uncurbed, unchecked, unchained,—
This is theirs,—or should be theirs,—but those vast currents are constrained ;
Thus Earth loseth much, which well was planned, well fashioned for the Whole,
But which weakening on division, shrinks as shrinks a shrivelled scroll.

47

For such souls there are, and they should shine in all their triumph forth,—
When a mightier Sphere and Scheme chimed with their thoughts, and proved their worth ;
World-broad Spirits those, which mourn and loathe the limit and the line,
And which still for wider, greater Fields of princelier Action pine.

48

These when exercised in shallower ways, their part, their path denied,—
Droop from all their proud proportions, once so wonderful and so wide ;
Slackening energies and withering powers, the deadening touch confess,
Of the crude, unequal fortune, which too starkly doth oppress.

49

Like a mighty Harp the World should hold all, all its glorious strings,—
Still attuned sublimely to the rest,—but hark ! what discord springs ?—
What brave lofty hymn can swell from these, so jarring, so opposed ?
Still each string sounds for itself ;—Enough !—harsh secret, thou 'rt disclosed !

50

Wake, more gracious harmonies !—high tones,—tuned, mellowed, and combined !—
Come !—pillared peace, and gathered strength, of the thousand millions joined !
Let the glad Imagination seize the Morning's wings sublime,
And sweep down yon vast, long vistas of the great self-traitor, Time !

51

Since he reads his own strange riddles, shows his schemes, his secrets all,
Shows each wile and strategy unmasked,—upraised each curtaining pall,
Yet before he bruits abroad deep truths loud to the common ear,
Let a voice and vision show what comes, with some on-rushing year.

52

There methinks I see high judgments, there majestic mastery see,
The arch, august administration, sovereign, strong, and broad and free ;
Mark grand councils arbitrate, and check with solemn hand and strong
Faint beginnings of a Strife—pluck the opening promise of a Wrong.

53

And a hundred Lands in close-linked bands, many a tie and not one thrall,
Each still helping all, all guarding each—each strengthened, strengthening all ;
The Universal Constitution, vast, elastic, and supreme,
Like some broad-arched bridge o'er thousand waves of a mighty, mighty stream.

54

Mark the administrations authorised, all circling round the One,
Like the regulated planets round the supereminent sun ;
With ev'ry grave reform that art and age and sapience can suggest,
And though new, with nursing-mothers sage,—of the old, the first and best.

55

All that just Expedience, blameless, and Experience can devise,
All Experiment can dare, by Caution tempered, strict and wise,
All the legacies of all the Lands; through every age renowned,
There should gather to One Grand Result, momentous and profound.

56

Then no longer like a broken Lyre, the glorious World should wake,
Snatches brief of scattered harmonies,—but mightiest music make ;
Then no longer like a sheaf unbound, should she half wasted lie,
With Her strengths, Her gifts, oft rendered vain, while Time shoots breathless by.

57

How most wondrous were the change ;—composed to one great calm Control—
To her strength what vast accessions—what assumptions of her soul !
That great Oneness through all purpose, work and action, should be traced,
It should grace the pettiest effort, as the loftiest it had graced.

58

Like a mighty fleet of ships combined, of various build and freights,
 Then should plough the Heaven-bound Seas of Time, the imperial League of States !
 Answering well to all should be the accordant government of each,
 And then each to all high lessons, should have privilege proud to teach.

59

Like some glorious Fleet of gathered Ships, of various build and freights,
 Thus should plough the brightening Waves of Time, the Imperial League of States ;
 There, far-shining up to Heaven should they their track of glory leave,
 While those shuddering Seas of Time should round them freshening seem to heave.

60

Common-wealthsmen,—citizens sublime of that stupendous state,
 That great commonwealth of nations—rise to reach your towering fate ;
 As the nations, the individuals then, should seek with yearnings deep,
 Still to grasp a loftier fate, and climb a nobler, mightier steep.

61

Then for each should all considerate work, new heights of good to gain,
 Incessant conflicts of the thoughts, endless battles of the brain ;
 All united so that none could raise himself, nor raise the rest,
 Till the rocking world should throb and glow, like *one* conscious human breast.

62

Great Confederations couched in purple Suns come rolling on,
 Speeds the hour when all the lands shall live, triumphantly to One,
 When the public laws shall march abroad, companioning the hours,
 And responsibilities and rights, fire all with quickening powers.

63

Not for some few, favoured spots reserved, high benefits shall be,—
 The established charters of the Wise,—the institutions of the Free ;
 No ! but broad as our broad Earth itself shall spread the enlightened Plan,
 The Arch Administration of the World—the universal rule of Man.

64

Soon the Improvement vast should stream back, to each severed, separate soul,
 With proportionate increase should spread, each part of the ampler whole ;
 And with corresponding action high, *they* still should raise the mass,
 With reciprocity of glad result,—so brightening years shall pass.

65

Then still, armed with vital heat and force, a central heart should beat,
 And should send the blood with fiery flow, in fearless course and fleet,
 Fast through every vein to every part,—while with strange might should play,
 Strong pulsations through the enlarging life, developed day by day.

66

Maleadministrations, then, should seem impossible at last,
 The o'erlooking eye of a Concentrated Power should still o'er all be cast,—
 That chief Power unto the sagest given, our wide World can select,
 By co-operative confederacies, with lynx-eyed watchings checked.

67

And bright Knowledge, such as man may reap, shall spread still more and more,
 Ye can ne'er those rich, vast fountains drain,—can ne'er exhaust that store ;
 But 't is well ye still should seek new gates of rushing thoughts to ope,—
 To know the Immensity of Ignorance,—and the Endlessness of Hope !

* * * * *

68

Toward many a Universe of Infinities, where nought of finite comes,
 Gaze through chasms of parted thoughts, with thoughts all cleansed from tears and
 tombs ;—
 They glance through majesties o'er majesties, toward grandeurs far above,
 While a cloud of Suns,—a dust of Suns,—goes scattering as they move !

69

Yea, as on and on with Thought's own speed, rush those careerers mute,
 Blazing Worlds like fiery cataracts, systemed Suns by myriads shoot,
 Dashed down veiled abysses,—nay, each still its own bright station keeps,
 The upward flight of Thoughts 't is makes them seem, driven far down the awful steeps.

70

Like the leap of hissing rains of fire, the plunge of cataracts down,
 Seem those lustrous worlds magnificent, in bright confusion thrown ;
 Thrown down endless depths of space, and yet they fall not, fail, nor shrink,
 'T is the rushing rise of Thoughts that makes them seem to flash and sink !

71

Suns and Earths, starred Thrones, and Worlds, and Heavens, and Universes vast,
 All to Universes even of Heavens, changed gloriously at last ;
 We may glimpse ye not, in your mid-power, but shadows faint, and signs
 Of the mighty archetypes we see, where yon orb'd Mystery shines.

72

Yet those faint signs have their glory, though 't would vanish to our eyes,
 Could we view their mightier brethren in the heights of richer skies ;
 Each thing hath its own perfection, from the mote in that bright ray,
 To the sun, and chief 'mid thousand suns, where burns a heavenlier day.

73

We weigh the Heavens, and guage and map,—name this system and that sphere,
 But in truth we may not search nor scan the lowliest atom here ;
 The fullness is a void to us, and a Darkness is the Light,
 Much we deem we mark around, but, oh ! how much is veil'd in Night !

74

Even yon little withering leaf, frail sport of every careless breeze,
 May have thousand properties unguessed, that thought may never seize ;
 Beggared of the essential senses, we the innate perceptions lack,—
 Thousand qualities may that possess, which we reflect not back.

75

Mighty secrets of the universe might we perchance discern,
 Could we all that leaf's screened properties and subtle mysteries learn ;
 Wonderous histories might its shrivelled page declare to privileged powers,
 As Her book of rocks holds half the tale, of this fair world of ours.

76

Faint vibrations here may round us play, strange effluence haunt us still,
 Yet no consciousness, no cognizance, our straightened being thrill ;
 And that little leaf a treasury of unrecked-of wealth may be,—
 O'er rich, unsuspected mines we tread, with heedless footsteps free.

77

Countless new impressions this might give, could we new organs gain,—
 Strong, new faculties, winged messengers, 'twixt this and our own brain ;
 One poor range of faculties our minds for jailer take and guide,—
 Yet if this we learn, 'tis much—there may, even *here*, be much beside !

78

To the end of their short tether, still full eagerly each runs,
 While too oft by this we measure all besides around the suns ;
 Still adapted to our faculties, Heaven scatters fair gifts round,
 But ne'er bids us to believe all lies, in that slight compass bound.

79

No !—a thousand-fold a thousand-fold, that compass must be stretched,
 Could we hope a tithe of half the unknown of Earth even might be reached ;
 Subtlest elements may 'scape us, in close cells from these we are bound,—
 Sealed as are the blind from beauty, barred as are the deaf from sound.

80

Shall we dare to say, " Here, stop my powers—here, my perceptions pause,—
 Thus here stay all the attributes of things, their links, their life, their laws ?"
 No !—far rather say,—no bounds—no end—no check—no pause—no chain,—
 None !—in soul or matter, life or truth, beneath the Unbounded Reign.

81

Lo ! Innumerously spread round, may stores of close-locked treasure press,—
 We should need innumerable keys for these,—but even that need ne'er guess ;
 And that leaf, though we dream not that *there*, can spread a veil or bar,—
 May have thousand virtues, sealed from us,—as 't were in yon high star !

82

Bring an angel's powers to bear on it, what wonders strange and deep,
 Masked from our gross sense, might thence stream forth,—wealth we might never reap ;
 Unknown worlds may lie close round our paths, on every side even now,—
 All by us unmarked,—who lack those powers, that we should need—to know.

83

Through them, past them, we may move,—concealed from us, may these spread round,
 Ambushed in *our* insufficiencies,—*our* limit, chain, and bound ;
 Our blind souls some steps go staggering, by few, fettered senses led,—
 Forced in one eternal guarded round with faltering gait to tread.

84

Even dead matter may have freight far more than we can pierce or dream,—
 And beyond—beyond—say ! labouring soul, hast thou e'er glimpsed one gleam ?
 Our very world may feel far other worlds than those that round us shine,—
 Mystic motions may come trembling in, along an endless line.

85

We are grappling with existences, perchance, we ne'er perceived,
 Girt by glorious gifts and stores our prisoned souls have ne'er received ;
 Round us influences unknown may brood, that travelled not o'er space,
 Charged with messages and missions, that we cannot grasp or trace.

86

Yet at times, methinks, a scarce-felt thrill, a trouble vague and slight,
 Seems to speak to us of something nigh, like phantom-dreams of night ;
 Not the medium, but the message,—but the mission thus, perchance,
 Wakes that thrill mysterious through the soul, brief as the Lightning's glance.

87

Man, be thou not vain of Knowledge, if thou find'st one path of Her's,
 Thou must fly from myriad myriads, where her boundless Spirit stirs ;
 Toiling long thou deem'st, perchance, thou hast garnered up sufficient store,
 But New Fields of Her's New Harvests yield, spreading for evermore.

88

Yes, to hit one path of Her's, is countless myriads to forsake,—
 And how falteringly, how totteringly, ye tread that One ye take !
 Thousand stumblings to one step ;—ye pace from point to point, and creep,—
 Progress ?—such a weed twined round a rock might make in the outstretched Deep !

89

Slow ye creep with piecemeal pace from petty point to point—then pause,—
 Prizing your little light the more, as the darkness round you draws ;
 Have ye found the track of Knowledge, thus on-journeying as ye list ?—
 One ye have haply glimpsed !—Oh ! could ye dream of the endless ones ye have missed !

90

Aye, ye speed *from* countless paths of Her's when following some fair track,—
 To see some lights of Her's outshine, from the unnumbered, turn ye back ;
 So vast, wonderous, complex, nameless, are her mysteries, moods, and modes,
 That each way of Her's points straight from countless other of her roads !

91

That slight Knowledge man acquires seems like yon Sun's proud tyrannous light,
 Which dethrones ten thousand other suns, concealed from our weak sight,
 O'er that wilderness of lustre, he his flaming mantle flings,
 And they pass, as though they fled dismayed, on thrice ten thousand wings.

92

While the annihilating radiance darts from his o'erpowering throne,
 Is their presence unacknowledged !— Their great neighbourhood unknown !—
 Worlds on worlds still rolling in that sky, no more are glimpsed or traced,—
 And like the unreal Phantoms of the Night, can *they* be thus effaced ?

93

Every grain ye seize hath hidden life, which ye bury with your death,
 As the Memphian mummies grasped quick bulbs for a thousand years beneath,
 Clutched in your clay hand of knowledge, ye but little guess the powers
 Even of what ye call and boast your own, in these death-like mortal hours.

94

Haughty sage ! of one slight spring, perchance, your thirsting lip hath quaffed,
 Hundred millions flow untouched that round your steps unchecked have laughed ;
 'Tis no fault of yours,—ye dream some drops of *all* that lip hath drank,
 But what boundless universes live, to you one boundless blank.

95

No faint shadow of a sign of these hath crossed your keenest thought,
 No light hint of them, no track of them, your airiest dreams have caught ;
 They perplex ye not, they give ye not one moment's care or strife,
 Yet may the endlessness of these stream through, some nerves of your own life.

96

Each deep universe its knowledge hath—most separate, most distinct,—
 By no analogies connected, scarce by sympathies enlinked ;
 Could we trace all, all that appertains even now unto our own,
 'T would but more mislead us with the rest,—but ev'n this is all unknown.

97

Knowledge ? dream of dreams ! yet well ye do to gather what ye can,
 Yet cling closest to the consciousness of your boundless failings, man.
 What were mightiest knowledge *here*, were *there* but idiocy and dearth,—
 But dull mockery were the wisdom of Earth's sister-worlds and Earth.

98

Every universe its knowledge hath, its wisdom, truth, and light,
 And Omniscience only gathers them to harmony aright ;
 But a thousand million Discords, to all lesser powers were they,
 Could these lesser powers e'er snatch of these the feeblest hint or ray.

99

Nay ! to all but to Omniscience, One to reach, to know, to learn,
 Were to unlearn and lose the rest, were from them even to part and turn ;
 Ah ! the wisest scholiast's knowledge should surpassed by thine appear,
 Couldst thou guess but the utter littleness of all man's learnings here !

100

And there is a mighty Ignorance that knows itself,—that saith,
 “ Still Beyond points to Beginning,”—fraught with Feeling, fraught with Faith;
 Its vague Sense, its shuddering Consciousness, of the Unrevealed Sublime,—
 Like a Spirit-Instinct mocks and spurns the grovelling lore of Time.

* * * * * *

101

Fear not! there is boundless glory, endless triumph to be won—
 And the suns are writing on the Heavens, in Light and Fire,—“ On! on!”
 Hark! New worlds to the Old cry loud, “ Aha! we come—with Progress come!”—
 The Old shout Thunder-Answers,—“ *We* spring forth thrice-crowned from Time the
 Tomb!”

102

Could the Thought scale yon bright Heavens o’er Heavens, all pointing far above,
 The Unknown Sun beyond, which draweth all, in which leagued systems move,
 ’T would still learn “ on—on ”—for ever “ on : ” Oh, strong its wings should be,
 Since at every flight a depth seems height,—it needs strong wings and free.

103

Speed, winged Thoughts!—those heights are depths, and depths are heights,—great
 heights above
 Stretch for ever higher, higher—still yet more, as more ye move;
 And if thence recoiling thought should shoot unfathomed distance down,
 Fresh new depths of knowledge still those depths like very heights, should crown!

104

Midst proud Dreams, the nobly-restless soul a glorious trouble knows,
 For the loftiest Thought that can arise the longest shadow throws;
 Since we know the weakness and the want of our being yet the more,
 As we glimpse the ever-growing lights of the distant, distant shore.

105

We may track one path—what millions more the journeying mind invite,
 Each, far radiating from each away, in mystery and in might;
 Could multitudinous Existence aid the Soul to grasp and guess,
 With what bursts of new-born wonder, ’t would along those pathways press.

106

Aye, could Life a million-fold be ours—to track, to search, to seize,
 With what chaotic shocks of Consciousness the Soul would live through these ;
 Since still new to even winged Phantasy should be all the endless change,
 Strange all the Elements, the Principles, the powers,—forms,—workings strange.

107

Then the uncomprehended mysteries in their magnitude and might,
 E'en escaping from our spirits should o'er-deluge them with light,
 Till the Soul with an Infinitude for every aching thought,
 Still, while opening to herself and them, should feel all knowledge, nought.

* * * * * *

108

Say, what cometh ?—Prophet-fire 't would need to answer that aright,
 Deeds to be yet done are gathering in their strength, weight, worth, and might,
 That would rock the world to ruin did they start too soon to birth,
 Crushed as by the falling Sun would lie, the blazing, blinded Earth.

109

Say, what cometh ? — Oh ! the Prophet-fire,—the Prophet-power 'twould need,
 At this hour to answer that aright,—the all-wonderous signs to read ;
 But the crowning hours come slowly up, with freights that had o'erborne,
 Whole long cycles of the slacker years, in Time's unfolding morn.

110

Genius ! feel'st thou now the freshening of a new and fairer dawn ?
 Let the clouds part from thy forehead, be the curtaining glooms withdrawn ;
 Dost thou hear yet clearer now the tones that call thee from afar,
 Do the spirits of a thousand worlds breathe soft through thine own star ?

111

Oh ! Illustriously impatient thou, of Death, of Time, of Earth,
 Round thy thunder-fronted dreams upsprings full many a giant birth ;
 Yea ! Illustriously impatient thou of all that stints or chains,
 And thy mighty thought shall sway the purple life within the veins.

112

Hints and shadows of thy greatness as a boon to Earth are given,
 For the thoughts that rise within thee shall but reach their noon in Heaven ;
 Not midst graves is their abiding-place, not now they are fully known,—
 Oft when wreaked on Revelation here, too earth-like have they grown.

113

Not thyself can guage thine own great depths, nor circumscribe thy scope,
 Even beyond all regions of the Ideal hath towered thy blazing Hope ;
 Thou canst measure not thy Majesties, nor reach a bourne or shore,
 Thine own Horizon flies still from thee, but thou followest evermore.

114

That horizon of thyself, thy soul, even where it meets the skies,
 An horizon of two meeting Heavens, should seem, but still it flies ;
 Still thy spheres of Thought drawn on by some far, unseen sun, appear,
 Yet that unseen sun to *us* would seem to hang around *thee here*.

115

Dreams and Phantasies are thine that pass not, flashing, fast away,—
 Dreams that haunt and thrill the sunlight e'en like mystic Stars of Day ;
 Or build vast clouds of æry scaffoldings wide-stretched from space to space,
 As they would raise their lustrous living walls Creation to embrace.

116

Oft but whirlwinds of thine own impetuous rushing 't is they reap !—
 Though thus from Space to Space, from Truth to Truth, with fiery Hope they sweep ;
 To *every* side some Unseen Sun attracts,—all Heaven hath made shall draw
 The ardent yearning soul of Genius with resistless love and awe.

117

And the heart of all the worlds for thee on all sides seems to beat,
 Seem through thine to play all pulses, seems all life in thine to meet ;
 And a Space—a Time—a Life—a Light—hast thou still of thine own,
 While great thoughts are living at thy soul, that ne'er before were known :—

118

Thoughts that ne'er have been conceived before, alone, untried, apart,
 From the shock of stunned Eternities, such Meteor-flames might start;
 Thoughts that glance a moment through thy mind, then pass like parting souls,
 While all the Ocean of old Silence o'er them tremulously rolls.

119

Like a Heavenly Chaos seems the mind, whence they have sprung and flown,—
 Many a half-lit star there beams,—there burns full many a half-built throne;
 Mounts of Glory melting, shifting,—seas of splendour,—wastes of Light,—
 Deep-pierced mines, like gorgeous graves, great living triumphs dowered with might.

120

For of Genius little recks the World,—his earthlier self it knows,
 But marks little of the Soul within, that glorying heaves and glows;
 His lone Spirit's folded leaves would shrink like Earth's faint, shrinking plant,
 From the World's harsh touch and breath, could these come near their secret haunt.

121

O'er those Chaos-Heavens awhile he leans, lamenting and disturbed,
 Till far stronger, graver, he upsprings, self-governed and self-curbed;
 O'er the common things of Earth and Time, his glorious life he flings,—
 Gathering gorgeous wrecks, of his child-worlds, beneath his giant wings.

122

Then Earth's common things, like Milton's cloud, their silver linings show,—
 Linked to all the empyreal Heavens, thou know'st, are the earthly things below;
 'T is thy province, and thy privilege, starry Genius! to discern
 Where Celestial meets Terrestrial,—*thou* feel'st the out-flashed lightnings burn.

123

Those strange lightnings,—long, long lightnings—never-ceasing, never-chilled,
 With thy life-blood play about thy heart,—like them ne'er stayed nor stilled;
 Nay! a bridge they build 'twixt Heaven and Earth, where *thou* canst walk and stand,—
 Though with hurrying footsteps others pass, nor gaze on either hand.

124

'Tis like the Al Sirat arch of Mussulmen,—that bridge where thou dost tread,
 Freight'd deep with teeming thoughts—a hair-breadth's line, a quivering thread ;
 Thine own native heavenly air doth thee uphold, and aid, and buoy,
 And the might of thine own consciousness—the strength of thine own joy.

125

That Celestial and Terrestrial in thy dreams for ever meet,
 In thy sumptuous thoughts, thy heart's strong throb, and deep pulsations sweet ;
 For thine the immeasurable joys which none can grasp, or weigh, or sound,
 And the inextinguishable yearnings of the Hope without a bound.

126

True, thy bright Child-Worlds seem oft uncrowned, and fallen from life and force,
 Theirs no law or mission *here* perchance, no orbit, plan, or course ;
 Even the soul that gave them birth can ne'er enfold them, or contain,—
 Though it seems to hide and house them, as 'twere, in its depths again.

127

They shall yet have their developement, their portion, and their place,—
 But they are not of such worlds as throng the vastnesses of space ;
 They begin where these have ended,—all imperfect as they seem,—
 A thousand Heavens of suns were pale to *them*—the Mysteries of a Dream !

128

Yet their light shrinks faded from itself,—how pale to what 'twill be,
 When 'twill live through every life, burn, glass'd on Being's boundless sea ;
 The dust of universes old, now hangs on their faint, folded wings,—
 The germs of universes new will burst, when forth their glory springs.

129

Genius ! feel'st thou now the freshening of a brighter dawn serene,—
 Dost thou glimpse a nobler epoch, and a yet more glorious scene ?
 Of Creation even thou art capable,—and surely thou canst feel,
 Now, this mighty movement calm and deep, o'er life's broad waters steal.

130

Lo !—The Eternal's dread handwriting on the Heavens thy skill can read,
 Where the living words are worlds,—and many a meaning thence thou hast freed.
 O'er the page of life in language deep, strange, mystic hints are traced,—
 Wilt thou be the interpreter of these?—hast thou their truths embraced ?

* * * *

131

Proudly, smoothly, too, flow Time's strong waves, shining with many a light,
 Seldom roll those many-coloured tides in streams so blithe and bright ;
 Crowned with sheen and music on they move,—each ripple hath a ray,
 And each wavelet hath a whisper, and goes gladdened on its way.

132

With Her priceless freight, in Her blaze of state, glorying as on a throne,
 There Creation's chartered Argosy, behold ! sweeps proudly on ;
 In Her hold, that some huge casket seems, lie gilded, starred, and pearled,—
 All the Coronation-jewels of a glorious Queen,—The World !

133

Prosperous voyage hitherto thou 'st made, thou mighty Crystal Ark,—
 Breezeless seas have been those seas of Time to thee, Imperial bark !
 For Saint George and gallant England, well thou hast sailed unblenching on,—
 And who saith a triumph is not gained, a lofty victory won ?

134

All the air seemed trembling to one star,—flashed round thy mighty form,—
 And like serpents charmed—like lions chained—round thee fawned gale and storm !
 Precious, Sovereign, and August thy name,—before thee, near the skies,
 The white-winged Fames of Peace speed on, and Her new-born Glory flies.

135

And behold thy gallant company !—'tis proudly formed of those,
 Who most strive to serve their fellow-men, till life's long drama close ;
 Just the chart, as true the compass, all for thee well-auguring smiles,
 In whom the world hath staked proud ventures,—with our own Immortal Isles.

136

Hail ! No shivering sails be thine—no cordage, clattering to the mast,—
 Thine no whitening waters hissing wild, before the infuriate blast ;
 Thine no labourings o'er fierce-labouring waves, no deadly strifes and shocks,—
 No sharp buffetings by adverse gales, no treacherous snares or rocks.

137

Sea-foam-wreaths have laughed still round thee, on thy bold and beamy way,
 Like soft lightnings on the waters these did round thee shoot and play ;
 And Elysian gleams, and visioned dreams, stirred o'er the whispering air,—
 Like the spell of some sweet witchcraft,—not the guileful syren's snare.

138

Fear not thou ! for o'er thee brightly shines a glorious, precious star,—
 Clings a blessing to each plank and bolt, to mast, and sail, and spar ;
 Clings a blessing round the shrouds and stays, round chain, and nail, and rope,
 And the millions of mankind watch thee, with deep and deepening hope.

139

Shaped thine anchors were in mighty heats, in a forge of living fire,
 And the heart worked throbbing through the hand, building its bright desire ;
 And the ringing of those anvils gladdened Earth with joyous strife,—
 They were chiming with pulsations of a newer, greater Life.

140

Scarce such prosperous voyage I foresaw, when “ Ho ! Thou 'rt launched ! ” I cried,
 “ Joy ! Thou 'rt launched !—Thou 'rt launched !—Thou mightiest Barque of Strength,
 and State, and Pride ! ”
 When Hope whispered blithe,—thy glorious course right bravely thou should'st run,—
 While such shining seas laughed round thee, thou seemed'st launched into the Sun !

141

Yet such crowned Victories bright, scarce deemed I should gild thy gracious train,
 When I cried, “ Thou'rt launched !—Thou'rt launched, great Barque !—Reign,
 Queen-like o'er the main ;
 Reign !—Thou 'rt launched !—Thou 'rt launched ! ”—while straight thy port with light-
 ning course seemed gained,—
 Since already smiled such brave success,—such triumphs were attained !

142

Scarce such Victories bright, I deemed should fall to thy proud, joyous share,
 When I hailed erewhile thy sovereign pride and sovereign beauty fair ;
 When I marked thee breast the billowy world with one triumphant spring,—
 And that World, too, starting, seemed to leap, as it had found a wing !

143

Sound wert thou ! most glorious vessel !—sound and strong, and staunch and whole,—
 Like a great, good Genius, round thee smiled, the all Universal Soul ;
 Thy bold voyage was for mighty aim, as proud as that of him,
 Who first sailed to find that new grand world, he glimpsed through visions dim.

144

On ! to seek THY bright America—a world of power and PEACE,—
 That fresh world where treasures blessed shall shine, and tempest-tumults cease ;
 Fresh, glad world of trust and brotherhood, of glorious act and thought,—
 Of brave generous strifes and mightiest schemes, with hope and promise fraught.

145

Bright new World !—where, like a late-born thing, high Hope her wing shall wave,—
 Earth should start as from her embers,—Earth should spring as from her grave ;
 While by friendships linked, by compacts chained,—smoothly from Sun to Sun,
 All the mingling lands should melt, as 'twere unconsciously to one.

146

Since each tapering mast,—each towering mast was swung into its place,—
 Since thy guiding rudder well was fixed, with its shining band and brace ;
 Since thy radiant streamer floated out, as though 'twould kiss the sky,—
 Many a heart hath wished “ Heaven speed thee well ! ”—glad tears dimmed many
 an eye.

147

Proud is the Image at thy bows, shown fair in gracious guise serene,—
 Crowned with the attributes of Peace, behold ! bright Industry is seen ;
 With the olive-wreath and silvery robes, the lovely figure stands,
 And o'er dense-thronged Nations blessing seems to spread with outstretched hands.

148

Did not Time's smoothed sea grow royaller far, where thou didst pass in pride,—
Fairer ship was surely ne'er yet launched on that strong, restless tide ;
Thou'rt a brave Armada in thyself,—so strong to do thy part,
In the good and glorious cause which now is bound to Earth's deep heart.

149

Yea, full royally dost thou ride, upon that ever-sweeping sea,
So the navies of the Nations float on Ocean's bosom free,
With a mastery and a majesty that lords it o'er the tides,—
Yet kinglier seem the kingly waves as they lave their towering sides.

150

Oh ! no stress, no strain of bellowing blast, fear thou, great Ark of Peace !—
Thou seem'st to lull the ravening tempests, and to bid their thunders cease ;
The Eagles vail their stormy pride before thy White Dove, calm and mild,
While e'en all o'erpowered by gentleness, sink the awful surges wild.

151

Never ship-yard's echoing bounds saw such proud vessel built before,
How thundering mallets, thundering hammers plied, with deep, continuous roar ;
Almost loud as bellowing broadsides, of some War-Queen of the seas,—
Ah ! thou Cradle of crowned, golden years !—*Thou* wilt not speak through these !

152

Sail, Pacificator, sail !—from thy approach what shades have fled,—
What dark hideous spectres of dismay—what ghosts of horrors dead !
Scowling Hate and Famine, Dearth and Dread, from thy bright face depart,—
On, Pacificator, on !—and soothe the world's long-troubled heart.

153

Sail ! Unscourged by war, unploughed by wrath, may Earth awhile remain,—
May that pause of Peace then teach her ne'er to wake dark strife again !
Let her look well round, and see the change, that short, bright calm hath wrought,—
And the lessons of deep love will thus be surely richly taught.

154

Still more rivalry, less bitterness, shall happily arise,—
 Haste ! Divide to work, unite to share,—share Victory's palm and prize ;
 Build the Nations in one glorious Arch, with keystone fixed aright,
 Let a thousand gifts form one great Wealth,—a thousand Strengths one Might !

155

Fair as favoured Zenastan appears the land where Peace exults,
 And where Industry and Freedom smile, with all their great results ;
 Oh ! what wonders human hands atchieve, when freed from chains—and swords !—
 While for being blissful, calm, and glad, Heaven blesses and rewards !

156

Ship of Time's deep sea, how noble thy fair sovereignty and sway ;—
 Thou'st gone marching o'er a thousand storms that homage stooped to pay ;
 With their folded wings they paved thy paths—they hushed their raging lips,—
 And the Rainbow ne'er looked lovelier, than when chasing *their* eclipse.

157

For Disaster and Mischance have stalked 'midst the Empires of the Earth,
 Many a wild tornado desperately shot fast to furious birth ;
 But a voice soft as an angel's voice, the infuriate rage reprov'd,
 And faint smiles along the very face of the maddened storm-fiends moved.

158

From the old Tiber to the Tigris, from the Neva to the Nile,
 Brightly withering the portentous frown broke that wide-beaming smile ;
 Stars of storms !—the impetuous Lightnings shook, o'ertaken in their flight,
 By the sudden-blazing sunbeams, Fire by Fire, and Light by Light.

159

Cleave the Tide of Time in triumph, cleave the Tide of Time in power,—
 Oh ! thou Mirror of the Morning,—Bride and Glory of the Hour !
 Deep the waters, many a fathom deep,—fear not quicksand, rock, nor reef,—
 Go !—and chase the pirate-scurvers,—Wrong and Plague, and Strife and Grief !

160

They who hoist their ghastly Death's-head flags, and desolate these seas,
 Flinging the odours of the grave upon the freshness of the breeze ;
 Dismal Rovers, who have Pains, have Wants, and Terrors for their Crew,
 Flinging shadows of the grave o'er all the wide and quivering Blue !

161

Dull wan Ignorance their pilot stands,—like tigers from their lair,
 Still they prow! abroad for prey and spoil, their captain,—bleak Despair !
 Shaped their course without a compass, leads right onward to the rocks,—
 Ha ! they strike ! and all is horror :—Ha ! the groans, the rending shocks !

162

Lo ! the abyss of Anarchy frowns round.—Strange monsters of the main
 Rise up round those doomed, devoted barks, that struggling strive in vain ;
 Loud, fierce Lawlessness and License shout, and wild Rebellion shrieks,
 But a voice more powerful far than theirs, in its faintest whisper, speaks.

163

Hark ! the signal-gun's tremendous flash—the yawning waves—the yells,—
 Of terrific Ruin's maddest reign, all round in thunder tells ;
 Hideous demons start on every side, with laughter fierce and foul,
 Hate, Brute Force, and Faction, Sloth and Rage, and Fear and Slaughter, howl !

164

Fell Defiance and Despair are there, Distraction and Distress,—
 Every Woe in worst Extremity, all Vengeance in excess ;
 Peals that gun's tremendous sound again !—Shall They be saved ?—Away !
 Save the World *from them* for ever,—and thrice precious be the day !

165

Fast, with all her glorious armament, the Mighty Chastener sweeps—
 On ! and sink them in the floods, fair ship !—Down with them to the Deep !—
 She pours forth no deafening broadsides loud, to crush them in Her might,
 But o'erwhelms them as with sun-strokes—burns and scorches them with light.

166

'Gainst that dark dull Fleet she pours forth no resounding cannonade,
But she brings the piercing beams of Truth and Knowledge to her aid ;
Strong Illuminations, like the bright Artillery of the Sun,
When its fiery strokes the vapoury clouds, and mists of morning shun.

167

Hiss those ships in conflagration bright, by sharp rocks gored beside,
Soon she passes o'er their graves, in all the gladness of Her Pride ;
Marching, marching thus o'er wrecks and storms, she goes on her great course,
Down the Sharks of Havoc plunge—smoothed lie the Maelstroms of Remorse.

168

Chastener thou of Foes !—Destroyer fair of the old Infernal Brood ;
Chastener thou of Wrong !—Deliverer of the truly great, the good ;
The Exterminator armed to crush dull Feuds and Errors dire,
Is the Enlightener charged with mission high, all fraught with heavenly fire.

169

Chastener thou !—Deliverer thou !—the Enlightener, Guide, Awakener, all :
Strengtheners still of every righteous tie—Weakener of wrong and thrall ;
Sweep thou on thy course in triumph—sweep that rugged sea to foam,
To leaping golden foam of gladness, where no shadowy glooms shall come.

170

Sweep thou on, in power and triumph, as thou hast done since that proud day,
When with shouting thousands round, thy shores and spurs were knocked away ;
And majestically free, to Fate thy challenge bright was hurled,
And far round thee dashed and sparkled high the wide waves of the World !

171

Sweep thou on in power and triumph, as thou hast done since that proud day,
When thou bad'st Time's billows round thee laugh, to a blaze of glittering spray ;
When to Fate thy mighty challenge, was magnificently hurled,
And far round thee dashed and thundered all the wide waves of the world !

172

Blow ! Clarions, blow ! once more peal out :—Sound ! Organ-music, sound !
 Burst ! thou deafening Cannonade, that shatterest all the stunned air round ;
 Roar, triumphant Cannonade ! no fear pants round thy scorching breath,
 On *this* glad air thou wing'st no agony, no bitterness of Death.

173

Wave, ye Flags ! with every rich Device, Scroll, Crescent, Sheaf, and Rose,
 Like most precious treasure in the Sun, shine out, ye 'scutcheoned shows ;
 Wave, proud Flags ! let all your blended hues ONE pomp transcendent form,
 Did I praise the Rainbow ? —*There* breaks thine, Oh ! PEACE, from Earth's long storm !

174

'T was for this when first flashed the Ark of Light, like some snow-mountain's peak,
 Many a tongue breathed forth " Heaven speed to thee ! " —blithe smiles wreathed many
 a cheek ;
 Stream ! Stream wide ! proud Flags ! —ONE dazzling pomp your mingling glories form ;—
 Stream ! —I praised the Rainbow ! —*THERE* breaks thine, Crowned PEACE ! from Earth's
 hushed storm.

175

Blow ! Clarions, blow ! — Shout, joyous crowds ! — Blaze ! pageants, in the sun !
 Sound high gratulation thankfully, for much is wrought and won ;
 Where was Promise there is Triumph, and Success showered on Success,
 Shine ! —ye sumptuous hours of Festival ! bless'd, blessing, and to bless.

176

'T was for this, (when first like giant swords unsheathed in sudden haste,
 Wide-brandished in the sun,—shone forth this ark, with splendours graced ;)
 Throbb'd full many a heart,—while prayers, while tears, while shouts and songs were
 poured,
 And many a fervent wish was uttered, and full many a joyous word.

177

This the hope that hailed thee ;—since in vain have Warring Centuries sought,
 Long to unteach Man the love of Peace,—through these 't was deeper taught !—
 Shout ! glad crowds ! —Chime, bells ! Blaze, Pageants, blaze ! Blush, flowers ! and
 Clarions, Blow !
 Proud Processions, march ! Shine, banners ! —Promise 'twas,—'tis TRIUMPH now.

178

Wake ! ye Songs of Salutation !—Blazoned pomps and state-array !—
Pomps that flushed the opening hour of hope, should gild the Victory-day ;
Smile ! for this, smile ! Royal festal Shows !—for this, sound ! trumpets, sound !—
For the Expectancy made Triumph ! Shout ! Success hath Promise crowned !

179

But the end 'tis not yet seen, be sure,—not yet may be the end,
No !—It comes not till the shades of doom on the awe-struck World descend ;
Till, bowed down with death, their cloud-capped fronts Earth's staggering mountains
 droop,
While like pendulums th' awaiting spheres are swung 'twixt Fear and Hope.

180

Till the blood-red orb of day shrinks like a stricken giant back,
And bewildered meteors rush along the withering sunbeams' track ;
Till the nations quake with anguish of the exceeding dread, and know,
As the deeds of all shall surely be the endless joy or woe.

181


Till a World of Graves gives up its Dead,—and hosts by thousands rise,
With the long-extinguished light of life new-dawning in their eyes ;
When fierce Earthquakes swallowing Cities up in all their strength and might,
Shall yet refuse to shroud one mortal form, sick-shuddering with affright.

182

Last dread Firmament-eclipse of all the suns and spheres at once !—
While all Nature's groans to trumpet-tones shall render dire response,
While starred Heavens on Heavens seem breaking up, yet glories strange spread round,
More tremendous than the shock of Worlds, and the seven-fold thunder's sound.

183

Till the pillars of Creation shake, and the Elements are dead,
And the Good and Evil of the World are wide to sight outspread ;
For the Effects and Tendencies of all these teeming hours shall last,
Shall live from Soul to Soul, from Life to Life, till Earth itself be past.



172

Blow ! Clarions, blow ! once more peal out :—Sound ! Organ-music, sound !
 Burst ! thou deafening Cannonade, that shatterest all the stunned air round ;
 Roar, triumphant Cannonade ! no fear pants round thy scorching breath,
 On *this* glad air thou wing'st no agony, no bitterness of Death.

173

Wave, ye Flags ! with every rich Device, Scroll, Crescent, Sheaf, and Rose,
 Like most precious treasure in the Sun, shine out, ye 'scutcheoned shows ;
 Wave, proud Flags ! let all your blended hues ONE pomp transcendent form,
 Did I praise the Rainbow ? — *There* breaks thine, Oh ! PEACE, from Earth's long storm !

174

'T was for this when first flashed the Ark of Light, like some snow-mountain's peak,
 Many a tongue breathed forth " Heaven speed to thee ! " — blithe smiles wreathed many
 a cheek ;
 Stream ! Stream wide ! proud Flags ! — ONE dazzling pomp your mingling glories form ; —
 Stream ! — I praised the Rainbow ! — *THERE* breaks thine, Crowned PEACE ! from Earth's
 hushed storm.

175

Blow ! Clarions, blow ! — Shout, joyous crowds ! — Blaze ! pageants, in the sun !
 Sound high gratulation thankfully, for much is wrought and won ;
 Where was Promise there is Triumph, and Success showered on Success,
 Shine ! — ye sumptuous hours of Festival ! bless'd, blessing, and to bless.

176

'T was for this, (when first like giant swords unsheathed in sudden haste,
 Wide-brandished in the sun, — shone forth this ark, with splendours graced ;)
 Throbb'd full many a heart, — while prayers, while tears, while shouts and songs were
 poured,
 And many a fervent wish was uttered, and full many a joyous word.

177

This the hope that hailed thee ; — since in vain have Warring Centuries sought,
 Long to unteach Man the love of Peace, — through these 't was deeper taught ! —
 Shout ! glad crowds ! — Chime, bells ! Blaze, Pageants, blaze ! Blush, flowers ! and
 Clarions, Blow !
 Proud Processions, march ! Shine, banners ! — Promise 'twas, — 'tis TRIUMPH now.

190

Grand and generous is the Impulse given triumphantly to all,
 Good and great is the Undertaking,—answer well the impressive call !—
 Swerve, Oh ! swerve not from this straight, and smooth, and bright, and blameless path,
 Swerve, thence, swerve not to the crooked ways of Discord and of Wrath.

191

Would'st thou help this precious Cause of all ? Each may do his own high part ;
 Straight begin with thine own spirit,—school thine own deep thought and heart :
 Brave endeavour, steadfast zeal, and purpose deep, and sound, and true,—
 These should well prevail and prosper—all shall yet find much to do !

192

Would ye help that gracious Cause of all ?—check Pride's illiberal mood,—
 Watch and wrest from your own thoughts and dreams, dark Passion's rampant brood ;
 Tread out sparks of haste and anger,—'midst your neighbours, 'midst your friends,
 Strive to aid the cause of brotherhood,—far as your sphere extends.

193

Choke in *your own* breasts the seeds of Hate, Mistrust, and Envy dire,
 Crush the Scorpion Jealousy, and bid rank Prejudice expire ;
 Scorn the old watchwords of Unrest and Strife, and stretch your cordial hands
 To your brothers, and, forgotten thence, shall drop the useless brands.

194

So shall murtherous strifes forget to rage ; by nobler means than these,
 Now should Reason and should Judgment rule the breadths of Realms and Seas,
 Nor let the educated tribes of men—the civilised, the sage,
 Like the untutored Hordes become when they in chance dispute engage.

195

Let not just and Christian states spurn Duty's claims and bonds of Sense,
 When some misconception blackens, or even galls some harsh offence ;
 Men,—the Heirs of all Life's worth,—the heirs of Time, of Earth, and Skies,
 Shall they act like very Savages when some dull quarrels rise ?

196

Build on social law a public law ;—Awake ! arise ! appear !
 True, great minds that yet shall blunt the sword, and break the threatening spear ;
 Up ! look round ! doth mutual action nothing bright and proud perform ?
 Ye work together when 't is sunshine, work together when 't is storm !

197

Bid the uprousing elements submit to Principle and Right,
 Lash them not to fiercer madness — sting them not to deadlier might ;
 With harsh sounds and forms, and names and shows, ye goad the awakening ire,
 Ye bring fuel to the gathering flames, ye fan the smouldering fire.

198

When dark specks of cloud, foreboding storm, the experienced eye affright,
 Let joint Efforts of the Nations strive to check its march aright ;
 Be no breath, no word allowed, that might the dangerous chance increase,
 Be no breath, no word untried, that might maintain the cherished Peace.

199

To the weakness of Mankind erewhile the appeal was made,—at length,
 Call, Oh, call on its staid sense, its truth, its justice, and its strength ;
 For deliberation grant due time, for sapient counsels pause,
 Every step is high and holy where so heavenly is the cause.

200

And henceforth, henceforth, let Men speak out,—in every Land speak out,—
 With a generous unanimity, and silence sloth and doubt ;
 With magnanimous resolve, and staunch straightforwardness of choice,
 Let each give the assistance of his will, the addition of his voice.

201

For the sanction of his judgment, and the tribute of his thought,
 May yet swell the gathering feeling,—so the great Work may be wrought ;
 Men have made wild wars by paltry means, that spread with fierce increase,
 Shall it be so difficult to aid the advance of Heaven-born Peace ?

202

Heed not the empty machinations of the discord-loving crew,
 Heed not the over-weening fancies, nor the dull fears of the few ;
 To the rescue !—Ho ! ye Millions ! chase the Carnage-Demon's brood !
 Up ! the wide World to the rescue !—for Her own great peace and good.

203

To the rescue !—dauntless Millions !—charge the Slaughter-Demon's brood,—
 With your brave right hands the stronger, that they are not stained with blood,—
 Up ! the great World to the rescue, with her wisdom all, and worth,—
 Up ! for thine own good, and grace, and strength ;—Thou Universal Earth !

204

Fear no dearth of glad excitement, fear no dullness and no gloom,
 Louder, Toil !—thy bellowing cannonades, the Peace-Artilleries boom !
 More and more shall busy Labour her brave energies employ
 In the gallant War of Work, with all a strenuous champion's joy.

205

Hark ! how louder yet, and louder still, their battle-thunders roar,
 While the advance of fair Prosperity shall need yet more and more ;
 Springs and screws, with wheels and weights, and crushing hammers, ply and play,—
 'T is the Music of bright Progress that may pause not night or day.

206

Hark !—what stir, what life, what tumult !—Hark ! will they ne'er flinch nor tire ?—
 What glad strife, what healthful fever, and what unconsuming fire !
 Aye ! how loud their battle-thunders roar,—but their free voices loud,
 Still accompany those clamorous shocks with deafening triumph proud.

207

Sound no shrieks of wounded sufferers, sound no yells of ire and hate,—
 Of mad revenge no chorussed cheers,—for all are loving, all elate ;
 No dreadful curses drowning death-groans deep, and plaints, and outcries vain,—
 As though to scare the Mercy-Angels from the parting souls in pain !

208

No volleying musketry, no shattered walls, no fierce explosive shell,
And no raging blows, as foes meet foes,—where the waves of slaughter swell ;
No harsh maddening sounds of charge and flight, no staggering courser's neigh,—
No shrill cries for quarter, all o'erborne by shouts and clarion's bray.

209

No sharp, deadly tribulations, and no tortures, and no tears,—
As where Death in one black hour doth the awful work of lengthening years ;
Where many a goodly human tenement,—strong, fair, and whole, and sound,—
Home of thousand hopes and dreams, at once lies levelled to the ground.

210

And no widows and no orphans weep, no friends, no brothers, mourn,
But join lustily that chorus blithe,—each hath his part, his turn ;
Lo ! the auspicious, bloodless War of Work !—it rages far and near,—
And the Earth hums like a happy hive, forgetting shame and fear.

211

Drop the curtain, and for ever, on those ghastly scenes of old,
O'er whose dark, pathetic histories, such a sea of tears hath rolled ;
Or shroud them, shroud them from our sight, till we can bear to look and say,
“ These were births of barbarous ages,—all, indeed, is changed to-day ! ”

212

For long years the unhallowed Horrors spread,—at first abhorred, perchance,
Till Nature—deadened even as Niobe—looked on with stony glance ;
Mighty Poetry his purple flung, and Pomp his gems and flowers,
To lend strange light to fields incarnadined, and deck Strife's funeral hours.

213

Alas ! how many a kingly Intellect its gifts and powers hath poured,
O'er the angry Thunderbolts of War,—the awful Sceptre of the Sword ;
Let that foul fiend War now see his own loathed hideousness, and die,—
Let him wither to the scorching breath of his own pestiferous sigh !

214

Haste!—give back those glorious Intellects, so warped from their right way,
 For Mankind's true gracious service yield, those talents born to sway ;
 For Earth's goodness, greatness, glory, yield each high-dowered Master-mind,
 For the help, and health, and honour,—not the misery of their kind.

215

Yea ! set free a thousand mighty minds, that yet condemned might be,
 Still to guide the field's red counsels—spread the Sword's sway,—set them free !
 Set free their giant energies to o'erthrow the opposing rock,—
 Mow down the armies of obstruction that Improvement's march may block.

216

Royal March and Progress of the World !—great hosts of Mind and Man,—
 Thus like brands snatched from the fire, these minds may yet lead well your van ;
 Come, thou lasting, changeless, 'stablished Peace, those great, steeled souls set free,
 Even to work Man's good, who most should work his sorrow but for thee !

217

Royal March and Progress of the World !—Oh ! pause not ! On !—still on !
 Countless triumphs, boundless glories, yet are waiting to be won ;—
 On !—still broad as our broad Earth itself, shall spread the enlightened Plan,—
 The Administration of the World,—the Universal Reign of Man !

218

And those hundred Lands in close-linked bands, many a tie and not one thrall ;
 Nay !—Each helping all, all succouring each, each sheltered, sheltering all :
 Neighbouring Lands or distant, all shall be on one proud footing placed,—
 As with one broad golden girdle clasped : by one Grand Law embraced.

219

Late I sang of Time's great River ! ever widening to the Sea,
 And of Man's enlarging, quickening Thoughts—the fervent and the free ;
 In their worth, their wealth, their pride, their strength, o'erarching their bright Earth,
 Upspringing as with instincts fresh to the Sky-land of their birth.

220

And is 't not so ?—of that stream each wave seems wreathed with prouder crest,
 And with heavenlier rays Great Lights look down on that mighty River's breast ;
 And those thoughts,—those thoughts, in all their worth, their weight, their wealth, their
 strength,—

How they light that stream from Source to Sea, through all its breadth and length !

* * * * *

221

Yes ! in sooth seems thy Great River, Time !—still widening as it flows,
 Urged toward the Ocean of Eternity—made greater as it goes !—
 Tones and breezes from that Ocean dread, seem moving in their might,
 O'er the Stream that forward hurries, to its bosom vast and bright.

222

Hear'st thou, strong and kingly River, now, that Sea's deep surge sublime ?—
 There to lose thyself, dost clothe thyself, with majesty,—Oh ! Time ?
Thou may'st there be lost,—but well thou know'st, thou bear'st, tremendous Tide,
 Mysteries deep, whose truth shall but be found, in the endless Ocean wide.

223

Heaving nearer up toward Heaven thou seem'st, as thou swiftly roll'st along,—
 Is thy channel raised by all thou bring'st,—Strange Current ! dark and strong ?
 All thou bring'st from past and perished years of treasure, and—of dust !—
 Even that dust shall yet be garnered safe—gathered in deathless trust.

224

Speed ! Yea ! speed !—thy proudest hour,—the hour of thy most mighty boast,
 Shall be the hour which sees thee in thy Deep, magnificently lost !
 Roll ! then, great and wondrous Stream, in all thy strength and grandeur,—Roll !
 With thy floods of Life, thy freight of Thought, thy glorious march of Soul.

* * * * *

225

Gracious Building ! how thou flatterest with delight the lingering eye !—
 Wert thou hewn from sapphire-quarries of some far, unclouded sky ?
 Late beleaguered, close beleaguered, seemed thy stately shining walls,
 But by hordes of guests, and troops of friends, that smiling thronged thy halls !

226

Treasures—aye ! rich treasures—there have been in those vast chambers piled,
 As though the old genii-caverns of the past were ransacked and despoiled ;
 But the deepest treasures are the truths, the trusts, the trembling hopes,
 That have sprung round thee no more to fade,—true Hope ne'er shrinks nor droops !

227

They are richer than the riches heaped, of Kaisers and of Kings,
 Who can dream the glories that may flow from those most gracious springs ?
 Yet most fair and worthy to be praised, and worthy to be prized,
 Are those prodigies of skill where Art hath mused, hath monarchized.

228

And fair the products of this rich, full Earth, that Heaven hath given to man,
 For him to cultivate and bless,—to search, to prove, and probe, and scan ;
 How this colossal Cornucopia pours right prodigally forth,
 All the regal riches of the globe in their chief and costliest worth.

229

Happiest lessons still thou teachest, whispering counsels haunt thy walls,—
 Audience-chamber of the World !—where all instructs, while all enthalls ;
 Generous promptings and awakenings high hast thou for the answering thought,
 With heavenly-minded magnanimities, and deathless instincts fraught.

230

Beauteous building !—thou 'rt adorned with meteor-flags that flaunt and fly,
 As though with thrice ten thousand fluttering wings thou straight wouldst soar on high.
 Ho ! what say they with their golden tongues, their blazoned language proud ?
 Still “ Joy !—Concord !—Union ! ”—while they thus together cling and crowd.

231

Sparkling shine thy glacier-battlements with miles of streamers fair,
 Till like some Palace of the Lightnings built, all bickereth, quivering there ;
 While they thus paint the air with colourings rich, those streamers ne'er before,
 Shone so bright as intermingling now, unstained with tears and gore.

232

Ha ! " St. Jago ! and close Spain ! " was once a battle-cry of power,—
 PEACE !—" St. George ! and England greets the World ! " sounds through thy happier
 hour.
 Now no grapplings fierce, no deadly shocks,—no fiery missiles hurled,—
 Hand to hand,—aye, heart to heart, Lo ! England closes with the World !

233

Is't not well to dwell on all these pomps ?—these gifts, these shows ? 'tis well,—
 The munificence of Nature these so eloquently tell ;
 And the powers to man entrusted, to draw all their virtues forth,
 For his grasp, like yonder Sun's warm touch, lends ever-added worth.

234

'Mongst these splendours and these trophies, strikes mine eye a much-loved form,
 That in bronze might seem to breathe and move, with life and feeling warm ;
 On my Father's imaged princely brow, I gaze and muse apart,
 And know how poor Earth's gathered Wealth must be to one deep human heart.
 * * * * *

235

Pearlèd pomp, and modelled bridge or tower,—how wonderous each and all !—
 Pencilled light design, and draughtsman's sketch, and thousand-tapestried wall ;
 Silvery-glistening sheaves of fountains, flung like treasure on the air,
 And the glories of a hundred Kings from Ind's vast regions fair.

236

Fadeless fruitage ! Lo ! a jewelled blaze, that melting, seems to turn
 To a sumptuous lusciousness where heaped, grape-bunches blush and burn ;—
 Blush and burn in costly amethyst, yet seem as though new-snatched
 From the weighed-down many-tendrilled vine, in ripened pride unmatched.

237

Seem those grapes in purple veins to hoard a precious wine of fire,—
 Such might well foam in the goblet of the Lord of Light and Lyre !—
 See, there the onyxed plums and emerald leaves,—are they, indeed, not made
 Even by Nature's self in the orchard-mines of subterranean shade ?

238

From the snowy realms of Muscovy those princely treasures come,
In frost-bound Earth seems Fire to bourgeon, seem prisoned Stars to bloom !
Nay ! seem Art and Nature there to strive with compensation fair,
Thus to make up for less favouring skies, and less ambrosial air.

239

Mark those gem-flowers blaze, with heart-leaves, like rich beams dropped from the sun,
While by jewelled rays a net-work of starred dew seems round them spun ;
Are they made of flame, and showered from gorgeous treasures of the clouds ?—
Tricked with perished lightnings, rainbows,—gleams,—and glimpsed through æëry
shrouds.

240

From such clouds, as glowing seem constrained by some bright, dreamy will,
As though some heavenly Handicraftsman wrought their shapes with wonderous skill ;
Even some heavenly Handicraftsman, who unseen behind them, wrought,
A hundred imageries and mockeries to win Man's glance and thought.

241

From such wild, fantastic clouds, in all the bravery of their show,
Might ye shower, ye burnished blooms, that girt with flaming splendours glow.
Shine, ye glistening blooms, the sun may bid full many a garland fade,—
But ye give him back quick ray for ray,—in changeless pride arrayed.

242

Shine, ye gem-flowers bright, though scentless smile, your rivals shall expire,
But the opal-fretting and the jacinth-work shall last in disk and tiar !—
Flowers and fruits of the under-world ye are, ye gems of price and pride, —
Smiles of the affluent Sun, that pierced the Earth, which hoarding, could not hide.

243

Come, ye glad, successful champions, and before the nations' eyes,
Midst the pomp of glorious circumstance, receive the well-earned prize ;
And let not th' unsuccessful droop ;—behold ! a mightier prize they snatch,
If the indomitable Will they win,—and work, and wait, and watch.

244

Then Dejection's wormwood-bitterness shall straight be charmed away,
 And Disappointment disappointed shall resign her lofty prey ;
 While from the ashes of one Hope consumed a nobler upward flies,—
 Mighty Fires of Life and Death make each new Phoenix statelier rise !

245

Courage !—stand the stronger, — strive the more, since you this once have failed,—
 Nail your colours to the mast,—how oft hath high resolve prevailed !
 Take the path The Bruce took !—Down with doubt !—brave efforts Heaven shall
 bless,—
 Death to weak Distrust !—each failure make a keen spur to Success !

246

Death to Distrust ! Ne'er, ne'er give ear to his withering counsels mean,
 But e'en make of every failure thus, a spur more sharp and keen ;
 So ye then shall snatch the prize at last, shall reach the wished-for goal,—
 For each loss too, boast a hundred towering victories in your soul !

247

Mighty Power among those mighty Powers that rule in yon great West !
 Glorious Poet !* let them heed *thy* words,—the bravest and the best ;
 Let them “ give the first watch of the night ” to the strong “ red Planet Mars ; ”—
 Still, Still persevere, press on,—and fight, Oh ! Will ! thy gallant wars.

* * * * *

248

Dexterous works, that speak Man's diligence, on every side abound,
 Here a beaker—there a flower-stand,—all with Art and Fancy crowned ;
 There a cushion, thick o'erflourished with rich broderies, scroll, and streak,
 Where an Eastern Odalisque, star-eyed, might press her sumptuous cheek.

249

And here a temple-shrine for costliest tomes, carved, traced, and wreathed and wrought,
 Fretted thick with pinnacles and spires, with clustering sculptures fraught ;
 Or the warlike jewelleryes that deck a mountain-chieftain's state,
 Cairn-gorm brooch, and highland hunting knife, and dirk, and clasp ornate.

* Longfellow.

250

Trained, skilled thought, schooled mind, and practised hand, have left on every side
 Some proud witness of their wonderful craft, with generous zeal allied ;
 Have ye looked through tablet, lamp, and scroll at the informing thought behind ?—
 Gazed on all the vast material scene as a picture vast of mind ?

251

What dreams of gentleness and beauty still in Man's deep soul exist,—
 Even though oft-times looming vague and dim, like figures through a mist ;
 And they may falter—they may fail,—they may lose, though they pursue,—
 Yet 'tis beautiful to love and seek, the Beautiful and True !

252

Some may house such high-wrought dreams within their visionary minds,
 That *no* embodying could do justice to the thought that inly blinds ;
 Dazzling all the judgment from the mind with too divine a glow,—
 Thus those thoughts in their celestial rage but miscreate below ;—

253

Thus the Ideal they worship ne'er by them may justly be displayed,
 The unequal Earthly, thunder-splintered, feels the life-breath but to fade !—
 (Like the Sorceress-Queen in the Eastern tale, who in the Victory hour,
 Blackened sank to sudden cinders,—reft of life, and light, and power.)

254

Even too lovely are those Phantasies to be aught else but dreams,—
 While less fair can speak through marble,—less sublime o'er canvass streams ;
 Thus Their more spiritual Ideal, to bind and chain in vain they have striven,—
 Ah ! 'tis beautiful to lose when thus Thought flies back straight to Heaven !

255

They may falter, they may fail for us, while they at soul surpass,
 Since nought here their rich Imaginings may faintly breathe and glass ;
 Thus their lone ethereal dreams shall still like speechless strangers move,
 Till Thought by Thought their soaring spirits seem in light exhaled above.

256

Still I feel the deep, deep beauty, which they scarce could shape to sight,—
 Light thy torch, my soul!—to find thy way through their soul's haunted night;
 Oh! the loveliness, the glory, that man's spirit shroudeth oft,
 Or that straight the impatient angels hence to happier mansions waft.

257

There are precious children early snatched to Death's completer birth;
 There are flowers of SOUL that bloom for Heaven, and ne'er blush bright for Earth,
 Thence the rare Idea exhales away, it cannot be chained down,
 And the work is as a breathless corse, whence the earnest life hath flown.

258

For as Soul to the Earthly body, to man's Work is still man's Thought,
 And at times the mind seems half transferred to that which it hath wrought.
 Michael Angelo in his vast Dome heaves towards the Heavens of Rome,—
 And speaks the ancient Moor's proud spirit through the Alhambra's gorgeous gloom.

259

Still at times ye meet veiled Dreams, that might in their full strength and sway,
 Quenched pale Suns relume, give back to dead, changed planets Light and Day!—
 Or fire a new creation's shadowy worlds!—while Oh! the contrast drear,
 Winged conceptions may but find a grave for all their grandeurs *here*.

260

When ye see some Work that lingering limps behind its fair design,
 Try to see it in the Parent-Mind, as it first might wakening shine;
 Perchance a beauty too bewildering all the Soul disturbed, while shot
 Thence too burningly that Lightning forth, which here abideth not.

* * * * *

261

To view the wonder of our England—the wonder of our Earth—
 How the peasants and the labourers flocked, with hearty zeal and mirth,
 Gathered gladly in the chosen spot, from all parts of the Land,
 Wondering ere they saw, admiring ere they well could understand.

262

Thronged, pleased rustics, from their village-haunts in holiday attire,
 Maid and stripling, child and grey-beard, stalworth son and stalworth sire ;—
 For awhile released from team and flock, from axe, and plough, and spade,
 Thick they swarmed from many a field, and many a rural homestead's shade.

263

Fast from grange and farm, and thorpe and town, groupes, earnest groupes did pour,
 On th' iron rivers sped, they landed, as 't were on some far bright shore !—
 When that Palace of All Peoples, and All Kings, in pride appeared,
 'T was as though beneath some sorcerer's spell they trod 'mid triumphs weird.

264

Unmurmuringly they gazed on all the splendours there spread round,
 For no envy spoiled their pleasure as they paced that gleaming ground ;
 Long unwearyingly they paused, while still admiring, still enthralled,
 No fastidious, vain caprice was theirs,—that rich delight ne'er palled.

265

Aye, unwearyingly, unwearyingly, they gaze, they pause, they pass,
 While they feast their eyes on thee, thou blazing Galaxy of Glass ;
 And they leave thee with a benison on thy strange triumphs poured,
 And many a marvelling exclamation, many a glad and rapturous word.

266

The unsophisticated Mind, and Thought, a large and priceless store
 Thence hath borne away, to be a wealth and bliss for evermore ;
 'T was a Knowledge for the Ignorant, a Treasure for the Poor,—
 It raised starry Fairy-palace dreams even round the humblest door.

267

Did they bear not back to straw-roofed grange, thatched cot, and attic dim,
 Rainbow'd fancies, such as o'er the brain of dreaming bard might swim ?
 To the old honey-suckle-clustered porch, and bowered and latticed home,
 Strange rich memories bore the peasant maid, which still shall deathless bloom.

268

'Midst the accustomed rustic haunts, shall oft her pondering thoughts revert,
To that glimpse of distant Shores and Lands, which thrilled her simple heart ;
'Midst sweet groves shall rise remembrance of that grove of glass sublime,
Sparkling 'gainst the light, as though 'twere clothed with sheets of fairy rime !

269

And those stately splendours, fair to eyes long used to pomp's proud store,
Shone with fourfold lustre bright to those who had ne'er beheld before ;
Sumptuous India's hundred Kings perchance such pleasure ne'er yet drew
From their luxury-hoards, as those to whom that pleasure all was new.

270

They have borne back better things than those their humble lot to grace,
Higher knowledge—more respect for their own earnest, striving race ;
For the Indefatigable Industry, the skill, power, gifts, and worth,
Of their countless busy brothers, the great family of Earth ;—

271

The Indefatigable Industry, the exhaustless skill and might,
Of their scattered fellow-creatures, through the rich world, broad and bright ;
Their resources,—their researches, in the proud paths free to all,
Where they tread, whose toil flings blessings new,—o'er the Earth like dew to fall !

272

Let them know and lay it well to heart, the lowliest who can think,—
Who can plan and ponder, dream and scheme, nor from man's mixed duties shrink,
Yet 'mongst Benefactors of our kind, may minds and feelings sway,
And may send the great World forward twenty centuries on its way !

* * * * *

273

Yet again, Oh ! let us hear the strains that thrilled this air before,
Strains that thrilled the air—that shook the soul, that pierced the heart's deep core !
Let the immortal sounds through all the thoughts with glorying fervour rush,
Let the Echoes of the Place ring loud with those high chauntings—Hush !—

274

“HALLELUJAH !—HALLELUJAH !”—the Commencement and the Close !—
 The rapt Soul of Gratitude should yearn to breathe through Strains like those ;
 Hearts and Voices alien, kindred, join ! all thoughts, all feelings,——Hush !—
 “HALLELUJAH !—HALLELUJAH !” Heavenward send that music-gush !

275

Praise ye sang at the Commencement,—Sing, Oh ! Sing, too, at the Close !—
 As bright the star shines of Success, as the star of Promise rose ;—
 For the atchieved Success,—the onlooking Hopes,—Yea ! bring ye prayer and praise,—
 And on that grand Anthem’s sounding wings, your thoughts and spirits raise.

276

HALLELUJAH !—for all precious gifts of Gladness and of Good,
 For the clearing off of many a cloud, that threatened strife and feud ;
 For all storms passed o’er,—all blessings showered,—for strength and guidance given,—
 HALLELUJAH !—Should not every cloud cleared off, show more of Heaven ?—

277

Yea ! show more of Heaven and Hope, and claim the soul’s deep homage more !—
 Joy !—that forth from lowering glooms shines Light that ne’er so shone before !—
 Joy !—that this vast Scheme hath well fulfilled its promise and its part,—
 HALLELUJAH !—bring thank-offerings from a Nation’s gladdened heart.

278

From a Nation’s ?—Praised,—thrice praised be Heaven, since truthful tongues can say,
 From a World’s full-beating, gladdened heart,—our world’s great soul, to-day !
 Thoughts and voices, alien, kindred, join,—let none or pause or fail,—
 Breathe that glorious strain, that sound of sounds,—Hark ! “HALLELUJAH ! Hail !”

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

LINES

ON

SAN FRANCISCO.

Partly written (and published in "The Echo") at Panama.

1

SWIFTLY groweth San Francisco,
By the deep Pacific wave,
Spreading fast in proud proportions,
Thronged by thousands, free and brave.

2

Like a work of very magic,
Rise the city walls on high,—
Like the upspringing of a vision,
Opening forth before the eye.

3

Who can gaze on thee, thou city!—
Nor predict thy future state?
Throned on earth's most glorious ocean,
Like the greatest of the great.

4

There in vast fraternal concourse,
Various nations, gathering, dwell ;
Like the waves, that in that ocean,
Heaved together, roll and swell.

5

All is fresh, and new around thee,—
Be all fresh and new within !
Love and brotherhood should bless thee !—
Shut thy gates 'gainst WAR and SIN !

6

In advance a hundred Centuries,
Thou may'st be even from thy birth,
Of the long-corrupted cities,
In their worldliness and dearth.

7

Build the walls ! Let Human Nature
Rise,—as *they* rise,—higher, higher !
With free spring and quickened vigour,
Hurrying, hastening, to aspire.

8

With a newly-bounding motion,
Let that take a sudden flight,—
As in Science and in Knowledge,
It hath lately soared aright.

9

So in Virtue's mightier wisdom,
And in Concord's holier lore,
Build, Oh ! build our Mortal Being,
High—still higher—evermore.

10

Build the walls !—for that proud labour,
 Bring ye steadfast spirits bold ;
 Each successive undertaking,
 Still should outshine all the old.

11

Mind of Man !—while thou contrivest,
 Spring, as fire still upward springs ;
 Let thy Works to thee for ever,
 Be uplifting Winds and Wings !

12

Be those Works of thine, made proudly,
 Types of Heaven-touched thoughts and things ;
 Still be they to thee for ever,
 As upheaving Winds and Wings !

13

Let the Present, let the Future,
 From the Fallen and from the Flown,
 Snatch a thousand hints and treasures,
 Yet win far more of its own.

14

Climb Improvement's Mountain-summits,
 Breathe her glorious bracing air ;
 Leave the swamps and mists beneath ye,
 Meet th' Unrisen Sun's splendours there !

15

Build, Oh ! Build !—Shout, great Pacific !
 Strains of greeting thou should'st pour ;
 Hail thou the Anglo-Saxons' Empire,
 Stretched out toward thy gladdened shore.

16

Shout ! yea, Shout ! thou proud Pacific !
High shall this thy shores exalt ;
Almost strong seems that Great Empire,
To bid thy vast billows halt !

17

Build the walls, Build !—high and proudly,
Thence be strife and faction driven,
Build for Infinite and Finite,
For Humanity—and Heaven !

18

There raise mart, and hall, and Temple,
Precious home, and Sacred Shrine,
Build !—for Man,—and for his Maker,
Build for Human—and Divine !

19

Build the walls for Men and Angels,
Your successors,—and the skies ;
Build for Mortal and Immortal,
Let the glorious structures rise !

20

Guardian Spirits look down kindly,
With a gracious smile serene,
On that fair uprising City,—
They see all its Future Scene.

21

For Celestial and Terrestrial,
Lay foundation-stones sublime,
For material and ethereal,
For the Eternity and Time.

22

Aye ! for temporal and eternal,
 Ye must strain and ye must strive,
 Raise your consecrated Temples,
 Show *how vast* a life ye live.

23

Let the Exalted and the Enlightened
 Their momentous task fulfil,
 And ev'n day by day advancing,
 Wreak their souls on Progress still.

24

Let your City's walls rise towering,
 Smiling proudly at the skies,
 And let our lifted Human Nature
 Rise—responsive to their rise !

25

Still should all of best and noblest,
 In the Old World and the New,
 Meet in Thee, now,—San Francisco !—
 With fresh dawning triumphs, too.

26

Yes ! let all of best and noblest,
 In the New World and the Old,
 Meet in *Thee* now, San Francisco !—
 With fresh gifts, a thousand-fold !—

27

Nor shall all the golden treasures
 Heaped around thee, lure and blind,
 From thy true and gracious mission—
 Thou new Home of Human-kind !

3

'T is Evening : have Her skies blushed more to find,
That on thine Earth-born forehead thou canst bind
A glory that shall win the astonished eye
From all their crowning Heavenly Pageantry ?
Thou hast power to charm, too, from those Worlds of Light,
The great Celestial Mysteries of the old Night ;
Chaos of Beauty !—yet with terrors blent,
Sublimar Chaos of One Element !

4

We greet thee with a burst of thoughts that roll
In wild responsive tumult through the Soul,
There eddying, the endless dreams in answer free,
Thrill, maddening with tempestuous sympathy.
What deep Niagaras have rushed and reigned
Through hosts of minds,—o'er-mastering and unchained ;
Chaos of Beauty !—yet with horror blent,
Tremendous Chaos of One Element !

5

Each differing Mind,—that broods o'er this dread scene,—
Or stern or mild, or fiery or serene,
Lends to thine awful mien and wonderous tone,
Its shadowy Semblance, faintly o'er thee thrown ;
Winged souls, as with a crash of Thought, sweep down,
With thee, in passion, stormier than thine own !—
Chaos of Beauty !—yet with horror blent,—
Ungoverned Chaos of One Element !

6

There let us stand where thou wouldst seem to beat
Earth to a quivering foam beneath thy feet ;
Thence upward look, where thou, midst vapoury shrouds,
Com'st like a flashing Ocean from the clouds !
A falling Firmament,—just wrenched away,
A falling Heaven, with stars dashed all to spray :
Chaos of Beauty !—yet with horror blent,
O'erpowering Chaos of One Element !

7

Yea ! how thou seem'st through those white eddying shrouds,
 To burst like some lashed Ocean from the Clouds !
 Some loosened Firmament, midst storms of light,
 Some down-driven Heaven of Stars, half-bared to sight ;
 Awe-struck we see these gathering terrors hurled !—
 We gaze—Niagara seems made the World ;
 Chaos of Beauty !—yet with horror blent,
 Stupendous Chaos of One Element !

8

Hast thou, indeed, with wild derision beat
 Earth and her Empires under thy proud feet ?
 Art thou Unmaker of her strength and pride ?—
 Hast thou the unchecked Dominion far and wide ?—
 “ Aha ! ” thou seem'st to shout, for evermore !
 And what shall hurl reply to thy dread roar ?
 Chaos of Beauty !—yet with terrors blent,
 Exulting Chaos of One Element !

9

Lo ! be not thou a watery Sampson fierce ;
 Seize not the pillars old of the Universe !
 Nor this fair Temple of grey Time destroy,
 Smit with a sudden rage, and phrenzied joy.
 Hast thou, blind Giant-Terror ! *thou* this power ?
 No, surely not, till strikes the appointed hour !
 Chaos of Beauty !—yet with horror blent,
 Appalling Chaos of One Element !

10

Then,—then,—perchance, 'midst all the gathering gloom,
 The chasmy rending of each yawning Tomb,
 Thou, with thy maddened waters yet mayst play
 Disastrous part in all the vast dismay ;
 With seven-fold roar and shuddering hideous leap,
 Thou to the centre mayst plunge down thy steep !
 Chaos of Beauty !—though with terrors blent,
 Terrific Chaos of One Element !

11

Or with sublime recoil, up-shooting high,
 Mayst thou expire in spray along the sky ;
 Scattered through space,—yet thy moist clouds may float,
 Showered o'er the face of some bright world remote,
 Snatched to another atmosphere serene,—
 So long thou sang'st of Heaven in Earth's dim scene.
 Chaos of Beauty !—yet with terrors blent,
 Bewildering Chaos of One Element !

12

So long thy rolling Hallelujahs rang
 To Heaven, from Earth where thou, glad-shouting sang,
 And called vain Man to join thine echoing strain,—
 That thus, perchance, thou 'lt sing and shine again
 In some fair Planet, thrilled with many a tone
 Of thundering Hallelujahs, like thine own.
 Chaos of Beauty !—yet with terror blent,
 Transcendant Chaos of One Element !

13

One moment let me Heavenwards raise mine eyes,
 Where flash through the empires of Night's shuddering skies,
 Niagaras of Fire !—urged on sublime,
 Great Worlds driven hurrying down the Steep of Time ;
 Grandest Niagara of Nature ! Stream,—
 Where blazing Cataracts of Creations flame !—
 Creations crowded to a Chaos, blent,—
 Till theirs,—like *thine*,—seems One bright Element !

14

One moment Heavenwards, thus, I raise mine eyes,
 Where flash through Night's outstretched, imperial skies,
 Niagaras of Flame, that roll and sweep,
 Mysterious Time !—down thy great shadowy Steep,
 Mightiest Niagara of Nature, gleam,—
 Stream, blazing Cataracts of Creations, stream !
 A Sea of Fire ye seem, thus heaved and blent,—
 Resplendent Chaos of One Element !

LINES ON NAPOLEON.

1

THOU who once towered midst Chiefs and Conquerors first,
Say! in that world where man's vain victories cease,
Know'st thou on earth thou art now no more accursed,
Since thou 'st *most* taught that Earth to prize her Peace?

2

She curses not,—but blesses more and more
His name, whose victories vanquished War at last!—
That fanged Leviathan of seas of gore,
From his own hideous spoils shrank back aghast.

3

Throned on a thousand thrones!—yet exiled long
From that proud land which basked in thy fierce light;
Say, know'st thou that Our World forgives the Wrong,
Since most thou hast taught her thus to bless the Right?

4

Lord of half Earth !—for years with scarce a grave,—
 What mighty lessons didst thou leave mankind !
 How restless Ocean round thy tomb did rave,
 Where thy foes' Flags streamed Conquest on each wind.

5

Till France,—ashamed that He she still deplores,
 Should haunt that ocean-sepulchre afar,—
 Beckoned the dreadful Phantom to her shores,
 While there gloomed, mourner-like, Her meteor'd War.

6

Her marshalled War, with pale dejection bowed,
 In many-pennoned, many-plumed array,
 Stood mourner-like to greet thee in thy shroud,
 And mark her greatest glory passed away.

7

Yet thou—even thou—great Conqueror ! knew'st Defeat,
 Though Glory loved so well thy beaming crest ;
 At times she failed thy maddening soul to greet,
 And shunned the counsels of thy stormy breast.

8

Yea ! though, in sooth, Thy thrice-crowned Triumphs vast,
 Vanquished the mightiest victories gained of yore ;
 Since thou those conquerors old so far surpassed,
Thou seem'dst to stoop to where they soared before !

9

Besides the victory which disdained thy thrall,
 On fateful Belgium's darkly-crimsoned plain ;
 Failed thee that Victory—first and best of all —
 Napoleon could not o'er Napoleon gain.

* * * * *

10

War ! thou Sphynx-Fiend ! thy riddle being read,
 Thou 'st drooped at once to thine own dust and clay ;
 And Science, Virtue, Wisdom, bear instead
 The name of Glory, and her laurelled sway.

11

Strange, strange that thou, great Chief, whose mighty Mind
 Was fired by Genius, meet for nobler things,
 Should'st yield to weak Ambition, mad and blind,—
 Yet gracious streams flowed forth from troubled springs.

12

Little thou knew'st thy Task or thy Success,
 Dark Labourer ! whose vast Evil wrought our good ;
 Hewer of this World's stubborn wood !—no less
 Strong drawer of its welling streams of blood ;

13

'T was moulded, softened, chiselled, shaped by thee,—
 That World so long a sufferer, and *thy slave* ;
 Till those rich uses of Adversity,
 Taught her to bless the aggressor in his grave !

14

A thousand glittering falsehoods were dethroned
 With *thy* dethronement,—falsehoods worshipped long ;
 Which still the Universal Heart bemoaned,
 While bore the weak, the hard yoke of the strong.

15

A thousand specious falsehoods were discrowned
 With *thy* discrowning,—th' altered world, thy work,
 Swept by thy storm-breath e'en to Peace profound,
 Found then what blessings in her haven lurk.

16

Aye, thy new work, the world !—since in the Thought,
The Opinions of the time, thou wrought'st deep change ;
In minds,—in moods a change momentous wrought,
Sublime as startling, fortunate as strange.

17

Still the Earth for very weariness remained,
Perforce, at first in that new Peace,—at length
She learned the worth of the Great Rest she gained,
And turned no more 'gainst her own self, her strength.

18

No more shall half-depopulated realms,
Maddened, rejoice—where they should most bewail ;
Nor hail the dismal Power whose rage o'erwhelms,
Nor force fresh tears from the outraged orphan pale.

19

What learned thy Child-World in thy school of wrath ?
Through years of gloom and strife, through dearth and pain ;
To follow still in that tremendous path ?—
To court the tumult, or to love the chain ?

20

No, no ! *this* learnt thy Child-World in thy school
Of Fire, of Fate, of Wreck, and Waste, and Wrong,
To loathe the oppressions of a reckless rule,
To scorn the gloze of Glory's treacherous tongue.

21

That vain, false glory, whose weak house is built
Of golden vapours oft, on golden sands ;
A glory neighbouring on flagitious guilt,
With stains upon her haughty heart and hands.

22

Little thou knew'st thy Task or thy Success !
 For thine own fierce ambition didst thou toil ?—
 No !—for Earth's after-good and happiness,—
 A great unknown result,—a bless'd recoil !

23

So Heaven o'er-ruled thine awful Evil still ;
 So Heaven re-shaped thine aims, thy deeds controlled :
 And all the while thou deem'dst thine unchecked Will
 In storms of fire and steel triumphant rolled !

24

Once,—once the World raved madly in thy praise,
 Thine, such renown as staggers and as stuns ;
 She dreamed thy hand should light her still, and raise,
 She dreamed thy pathway lay through walks of Suns ;

25

Through walks of Suns, through ways of Life and Light,
 Through paths of Empire, and through Worlds of Power ;
 Through waves of crimson Victory, height on height,—
 All Time seemed whirled in thy life's vortex hour.

26

When thy proud Pyramid of Empires fell,
 The long-resounding ruin deeply taught,
 With many a voice, what nought could teach so well,—
 Wrath heired but Wrath, and Hate with Death was fraught.

27

Well knows she now the truth ! and ray by ray,
 Sees the false glory fade, and hails the true :—
 Nor worships Power that grinds her heart away,
 But renders unto radiant Peace her due.

28

Steeped to the lips in One Man's sin she seemed,—
Grown grey and ghast, as 'twere through dying years ;
A second Deluge o'er her, rushing, streamed,
Arkless, yet not unrainbowed,—'t was of tears.

29

Earth wakes from that strange, troubled trance to know,
Those most should claim her praise who work her weal,
Not those who still contrive her worst of woe,
And on her forehead stamp Death's withering seal.

30

To know the dreadful laurels shadowing o'er,
The warrior's steps, in his most glorious hours,
Rooted 'mid worms, are bathed with showers of gore,—
To know Her heart's core wept those purple showers !—

31

To know Red Battle's fratricidal sin,—
To know what joys to thrice-bless'd Peace are given ;
And Oh !—while stunned no more by Discord's din,—
To know a warring World, at strife with HEAVEN !

TO

MADAME LE VERT, OF MOBILE, ALABAMA, U. S.

1

Our hearts are joined in kindness, gentlest friend !
Joined by a strong and ever-precious tie ;
Together in affection's truth they blend,
And thoughtful sympathy.

2

Two mourning mothers we, alas ! have been,
Our hearts have travelled o'er the same dark track ;
Since from our cradling arms we both have seen,
Our cherished babes called back.

3

Mothers are we of children loved and lost :
Children, the very brightest of the fair,
Mothers of Angels in the Heavenly Host—
Still, still we love them there.

4

Perchance a chain of Heaven's own golden flowers,
Thy heart, unconscious, to my own may bind,
Unglimpsed, unmarked, from the amaranthine bowers,
By their dear hands entwined.

5

Yes, our sweet children may in joy have met,
In some far-off and glad, angelic band ;
And by the light of suns that never set,
Gone wandering hand in hand ;—

6

Wandering 'midst worlds of glory and of bliss,
Where loveliest shows and happiest scenes unroll ;
Yet from those worlds still winging thoughts to this,
Straight to the mothers' soul.

7

By an electric, yet enduring tie,
May they our touched and thrilling hearts have bound,
Still nearer to us in the o'erlooking sky,
Than all that girds us round.

8

From those bless'd realms, athwart the haunted night,
Of our sad bosoms they perchance have thrown
A starry-clustered influence, full of might,
While still their sway we own.

9

Their wing-linked rosy-fluttering shadows fall,
Far through the new-calmed spirit's glassy deep ;
And make it own a strange and mystic thrall,
And moods accordant keep.

10

Whispering sweet tones to which our being starts,
Have they indeed controlled and stamped our thought ?
And laid their blessed hands upon our hearts,
And our new friendship taught ?

11

Their clasped-together hands, perchance, may thus
Have circled us with more than magic chain ;
Their linked-together hearts may wake in us,
A kind responsive vein.

12

Fain would I think it !—sunbeams, incense, flowers,
Float through such kindling thoughts of living light,
And their sweet Heaven-love, mirrored thus in ours,
Should bring glad tidings bright.

13

Oh, if the fanciful presumption seem
Too boldly soaring, and too wildly high,
May Heaven forgive a mother's yearning dream,
That lingering haunts the sky.

14

That in a thousand once vain, common things,
Marks seraph-shadowings, breath, and touch, and smile,
And hears the wave of high celestial wings,
Where all was earth erewhile.

15

This from our loss, at least, we both have gained,
Our longing hearts are ever drawn and raised
Toward heights to which our darlings have attained,
Where love hath all but gazed !

16

Hath zeal, hath hope, hath science, ever soared
So gladly to the deathless realms serene,
As hearts, whose living treasures there are stored,—
Scarce seems a cloud between.

17

Yet Oh ! that cloud, impervious to our gaze,
It spreads, though slight, with dread and awful power,
And hides a Heavenly Universe's blaze,
Till the appointed hour.

18

But from our loss, if we thus much have gained,
Our humbly-lifted hearts should grateful prove,
Grateful to be no more to Earth enchained,
Freed through the upspringing love.

19

Even now, like cherub-parents of our souls,
Our children seem to nurse our nobler powers ;
From them we gain, while time still heavenward rolls,
New hopes and richest dowers.

20

Still let it be so !—let us owe to them
Showers of celestial gifts—unnamed, untold !
Flowered dream, and starry thought, and spirit-gem,
Richer than pearl and gold.

21

Still let it be so ! let us feel and see,
Their high-sphered influence ever round us steal ;
And as each day glides towards Eternity,
Learn more to love and feel.

22

And when ourselves shall breathe diviner air,
Oh, may we find, and clasp at last the unlost ;
Our beatific treasures gathered there,
Fairest amidst a host.

TO N I A G A R A.

N I A G A R A !—that glorious voice of thine,
With never-ceasing, gathering power, seems still,
To charm each haunting sense of mortal ill ;
It speaks but of the distant—the divine—
It lifts the soul to Nature's holiest shrine,
It links the mind, with a surpassing skill,
To worlds that loftier destinies fulfil,—
Those worlds that scorn Creation's boundary line.
Dread Fall ! In beauty a crowned Sun of Light !
In action an Atlantic !—such thy force,
Ocean 'gainst Ocean, battling in their might,
Were scarce more dreadful than thy raging course ;—
While mounts thy glittering spray the Heavenly Height,
Tossed like the flashing mane of Death's pale Horse !

L I N E S

WRITTEN AT

BOSTON, UNITED STATES, 1849,

ON

THE FOURTH OF JULY,

(THE ANNIVERSARY OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE,)

And originally published in America, in "The Knickerbocker."

1

HAIL ! all hail ! to the star-spangled banner of pride,
Deathless Flag of the great and the brave !
While with England's own right-royal standard allied,
In fair concord and peace it shall wave !

2

Boast your proud Independence,—your sun-blazing birth,—
All your Glory and Liberty boast ;
Tell it out to the ends of the wide-listening Earth,
And that Land which still loves ye the most !

3

For no jealousy more can disturb or destroy,
England's pride in her world-renowned son!—
All her millions of hearts would fain bound to your joy,
All her millions of hands grasp your own.

4

Tell it out then to all the wide Lands of the World,
Tell it *most* to that Land o'er the Seas,
Which shall best hail the flag that in freedom unfurled,
With her own rules the Billow and Breeze!

5

Mighty England seems leaning in love o'er the sea
(As winged Bark after Bark seeks your strand);
Giant Heir of her Greatness!—she honours in thee,
Her own image of Strength and Command.

6

Yea! best mirrored in thee, she, exultant, beholds,
All the pomps of her own Earthquake-march;
And her Flag, and the star-spangled Banner's free folds,
Light together Eternity's arch!

7

And together commingling, your names as One Name,
Shall be revered alike and renowned;
And for Ye shall the cloud-riding eagles of Fame,
Loud and long bid Her echoes resound.

8

Perish every vile thought of dissension and doubt,—
Perish, perish, each foe that would light
Even one spark of foul discord,—or blend with the shout
Of your gladness, one breath that would blight.

9

Boast—aye ! boast of your freedom, your glory, your power,—
All the triumphs that gild your career ;
Till the dread tempest-breathings that hail this proud hour,
Seem re-echoing from sphere e'en to sphere !

10

But boast *not*—Oh ! boast *not* still too much that ye gained,
O'er the sons of your fathers, the day ;
'T was those old Lion-fathers that taught ye, and trained,
In red Victory's immortalized way !

11

Bless the hour !—Be it blessed as the last one of wrath,
As the first of fair Fellowship's peace !—
And press on !—Ye two mightiest of Lands !—in the path
Of those triumphs that never shall cease !

12

Noblest Triumphs of Knowledge, of Thought, Skill, and Art,
That when shared, grow more precious and proud ;
That make richer the Mind,—that make nobler the heart,—
Round those Nations, still clustering, they crowd.

13

Science, Commerce, and Art !—Their proud triumphs, in sooth,
Shine all Earthlier achievements above ;
There the Victories of each, seem as Victories of both,
And Defeat claims *more* homage and love.

14

Yea, the Vanquished look up to their Vanquishers then,
With glad reverence, with loftier esteem,
Glory ! No human hecatombs claim thou again,
Near those Conquests of Mind, thou 'rt a Dream !

15

Press still on,—Ye two mightiest of Lands !—in the path
 Of those triumphs that never shall fade
 While forgetting vain dreams of distraction and wrath,
 Each the other shall urge, and shall aid.

16

In the dizzying magnificence even of your flight,
 While together ye sweep toward the Sun,
 In the far-soaring grandeur and pride of your height,
 Still the awed Nations shall see ye as—One !

17

Like those stars * that so high overhead shine in power,
 They seem mingled and merged to the sight,—
 Lo ! Columbia and Albion, the rest shall o'ertower,
 Till they stream in one blaze to unite !

18

Hence !—Away with all whisperings of envy or hate,
 With all ranklings of injury or wrong ;
 Glorious Nations !—apart,—how transcendently great :—
 But combined—how invincibly strong !

19

Now, even now, great America !—speeds to thy strand,
 One who seems like a guest from above ;†
 In his high hallowed fame he has sought thy brave Land,
 To be met by a whole host—of Love !

20

Mild Ambassador !—Conquerors and Chieftains, avaunt !
 From the Prince of all Peace 'tis he comes ;
 Th' everlasting green olives to waft and to plant,
 'Twixt two Worlds, in your hearts, hearths, and homes.

* The nebulae.

† Father Mathew, the Apostle of Temperance.

21

And even now a fair vessel from England speeds fast,
 To bring greetings fraternal from far ;
 Blessings, prayers, and kind wishes, have flown with the blast,
 'Stead of thunderings and threatenings of War.

22

Even this hour a proud vessel to England departs,*
 To bear on, o'er the blue tossing brine,
 The flushed hopes and the feelings of thousands of hearts,
 Which in deep ties of friendship entwine.

23

And even now, to the tones of a woman's † meek voice,
 How your noblest of hearts have throbb'd high !—
 Lofty Land !—from this moment ye have bade us rejoice,
 In a new, dearer, soul-binding tie.

24

Hail ! thou generous America ! Hail evermore !
Thus,—thou'st vanquished us yet once again ;
 And thy high-minded sympathy thrills to the core,
 Of a Land where 'twill deathlessly reign.

25

In Humanity's cause, what true zeal hath inspired,—
 Oh ! how nobly thou'st answered th' appeal !
 For *our* Heroes, what brave brother-feeling hath fired,
 Praise—all praise to that truth and that zeal !

* A steamer *from* England arrived, and one departed *for* England, on the 4th of July, 1849.

† Lady Franklin. Since this was written the Government declined to send any vessels, but some were fitted out and sent by high-minded individuals ; my excellent friend, Mr. Henry Grinnell, almost entirely defrayed the expenses of one expedition, to which he subscribed most munificently.

26

If we fettered Thee once, oh ! Thou hast fettered Us now,
 In the holiest and loveliest of bonds,—
 Lo ! a Voice from our homesteads—a Voice faint and low,
 And this whole mighty Nation responds.

27

If we fettered Thee once,—*more* Thou hast now fettered Us,
 Through the loftiest and strongest of ties ;—
 Hark ! a Voice from our homesteads, faint-whispering,—and thus,
 This whole wonderful Nation replies !

28

Thus be still past Oppressors full nobly oppressed,
 But by blessings and benefits given !
 Let Earth follow th' example,—brave World of the West !—
 That thou fling'st to the four ends of Heaven.

29

Who can dream of past strifes ?—who would dwell on a thought,
 That could mar such a Beautiful Peace ?
 Be each hour with pure joys of fraternity fraught,
 In perpetual Heaven-honoured increase.

30

Peace !—Aye ! England and Englishmen well know the worth
 Of the People who spurned back and scorned
 Ties, dishonoured by trammels,—while ev'n had all Earth
 Joined against them, all Earth should have mourned ;—

31

Should have mourned, should have bowed to the dust, and confessed,
 Nought could vanquish where Freedom inspired ;
 While the whole mighty Land seemed to throb with one breast,—
 While that breast one Great Feeling had fired.

32

Black Oblivion and Ruin seize each venom'd dream,
Of fell discord, division, and doubt ;
Brothers !—Light with your gladness the sun's orient beam,
Shout your triumph ;—Hark !—Hark !—how they shout !—

33

Peace ?—my Land !—even TO-DAY thou should'st reap no annoy,—
Thou would'st join in each jubilant tone !—
All thy millions of hearts would fain bound to their joy,
All thy millions of hands grasp their own.

34

Hence !—begone ! ye past strifes,—not a word, not a thought,
Now should mar this most Beautiful PEACE ;—
The fair links have been forged, the proud work hath been wrought,—
This bright Calm should ne'er change, should ne'er cease.

35

Then all hail to the star-spangled Banner of pride,
That famed Flag of the great and the brave !
For with England's own right-royal standard allied,
Still in concord and friendship 'twill wave.

36

Well ye severed the links of a chain ye abhorred,—
But—Great Heaven ! what can ever unbind
The electrical chain and the heart-wreathing cord,
That unites through the Soul and the Mind ?

37

Of two proud mighty Peoples' great love there is framed
One eternal, unchangeable yoke ;
And magnanimous words have in thunder proclaimed,
It shall never be loosened or broke.

38

On the necks of Earth's two mightiest nations 't is laid,
To teach Faith, Love, and Peace to that Earth,
Till the last dread eclipse shall her regions o'ershade,
Can it fail in its weight or its worth ?

39

Then away with all memories of Bloodshed and Wars,
Let them fade from this day,—from this hour !
On yon Flag I will mark but the Heaven-glancing stars,
Not the Earth-blazoned ensigns of power !

40

I would dwell not on themes of vain strifes and distrust,
Seraph-tongues whisper themes far more fair,—
Seraph-hands point where Mathew, the sainted, the just,
Is made glorious America's care.

41

And that noblest response to a heart's solemn cry,
E'er yet breathed by a Nation beneath,
(Gallant Franklin ! methinks that immortal reply,
Must yet reach thee,—in life or in death !)

42

Let that grow to the soul, let that flash from the tongue,
Of great England's true sons evermore ;
Could one broad bridge of gold o'er old Ocean be flung,—
No ! not thus should it link shore to shore !

43

Let that live in the heart, let that burn to the thought,
Of true Britons eternally still ;
And all shame on the soul that could fail to be taught,
With a kindred emotion to thrill.

44

Hail ! Americans—hail ! Honour, glory, and praise,
 To the Lords of the New World be given !
 Wave your star-spangled Flag,—for now fresh 'midst its rays,
 More direct shines the true Fire from Heaven.

45

And forgive the faint voice that is falteringly raised
 In the midst of your whirlwind-acclaim,
 Thus to honour your far-flashing Standard emblazed
 With all trophies of Glory and Fame.

46

Let that voice from the Land of your Forefathers greet,—
 May no dream glance toward Her as a foe ;
 Let this heart that adores her still venture to beat
 With your own in proud Sympathy's glow.

47

Starry Queen of the Atlantic ! for England and Thee,
 Smiles one bright guardian genius august ;
 Yours—one language, one aim,—Oh ! ye First of the Free !
 Yours one mission, one charter, one trust.

48

Yours one language, one lineage, one fortune, one fame,—
 Oh ! ye First of the Famous and Free ;
 And how glorious your course, and how generous your aim,
 A glad World, bless'd and brightened, shall see !

49

Freedom, Progress, Religion, and Knowledge, shall join
 Your illustrious march through all Time,
 Till Creation seems bade by Commandment Divine,
 Round your joint steps to flush more sublime.

50

Hail, again ! Then, thou star-spangled Banner ! float wide !—
Float !—Thou Firmament-flag of the Free !
Leagued with England's magnificent Standard of pride,
Thou shalt queen it in pomp o'er the Sea.

51

And avaunt !—ye dark memories of Vengeance and Wars,
Ye should droop,—ye should die,—from this hour ;
On yon Flag we should mark but the Heaven-borrowed Stars,
Not the Earth-blazoned signs of your Power !

52

Wave ! Thou Banner of Stars !—stream in splendour and light,—
And full oft may Our Flag float with thee !
O'er the waves, o'er the lands, thou shalt queen it in might,—
Oh !—Thou Firmament-flag of the Free !

ON
THE AMERICANS CROSSING THE ISTHMUS
OF PANAMA.

1

Beneath the Tropics' blaze of lustrous day,
The Empire-founders take their glorious way ;
Not solely for the vulgar thirst of gold,
Pass hurrying on the adventurous and the bold ;
They haste to bear unto that distant soil
(To flourish soon beneath their patient toil),
Law, order, science, arts,—and all that springs,
Beneath Civilization's sheltering wings.
Pass—Nation-makers !—onward go ! —
All earth shall yet your triumph know !

2

Here, their inspiring and momentous march,
Seems under one august triumphal arch,—
By Nature raised, as though to greet and grace,
Their conquering progress to the Chosen Place.
She shows her vernal pomps,—her rich array,
And with her silvery voice she seems to say,—

" Forget not *me*, and all I bring of joy,
 Blest hoards of pure delights that ne'er shall cloy ;—
 On ! Empire-founders !—bold and free,—
 But keep your souls still true to me !"

3

And not alone her outward charms appear,
 The wanderer's wearied sense to soothe and cheer ;
 But all her gentlest influences seem
 Away from home,—to call up home's sweet dream.
 The breath of flowers,—the stir of leaves,—the breeze,
 Whispering soft music through the embowering trees,
 Seem still to speak of home with tenderest tone,
 And bid them still that pure dominion own.
 On !—Empire-framers !—do and dare,—
 Home-prayers shall bless you here—and *there* !

4

A thousand generations hence shall own
 Your power—your influence,—felt from zone to zone ;
 A thousand generations hence shall bless,
 Shall praise you for their homes,—their happiness !
 Yours is a kingly mission, brave and high,—
 On !—in the name of Truth and Liberty !
 'T is a right royal progress !—round ye wait
 The guardian powers that watch and bless a state.
 Long ages needs your task ?—away !—
 Enough is Freedom and a Day !

5

Treasures ye seek, but treasures, too, ye take,
 To those fair shores, which *ye* shall glorious make ;
 Treasures that globes of gold could never buy,—
 The wealth of Thought, and Heart, and Memory !
 Generous affections, quenchless zeal and skill,
 To mould, and rule, and conquer, at your will !—
 On to your task !—with mind resolved, and soul
 On fire to seize the prize,—to reach the goal.
 Wide be your Flag of Stars unfurled,
 Ye workmen, that shall build—a world !—

6

Wide be your Banner of the Stars unfurled,
And on, ye workmen,—that shall build a world!—
A host of nations, wreathed with power and pride,
Have rushed to glory, flourished, changed, and died.
And History bares them to your gaze,—behold!
High towers her Pyramid of Nations old.
Plant the sublime foundations of your own,
On those chief heights of elder lands undone.
Begin with all they had of best,
And Heaven inspire ye with the rest.

7

The noblest heights that others have attained,
(What time o'er earth with sovereign sway they reigned,)
Shall be the lowliest step,—the humblest base,
Of your bright state, in eagle pride of place.
There shall be felt through all its movements free,
The heavings of Eternity's great sea.
No dull stagnation e'er shall check its powers,—
Like rounds of the angels' ladder, all its hours,
Shall higher lead, and higher still,
Till Time his measured march fulfil.

TO

THE STARS.

1

STARS ! how can ye shine,
O'er a World so sad ;
Doomed to mourn and pine,—
Ye, so proud and glad ?—
Ye Sons of Light and Life, in strength and triumph clad !

2

Gorgeous, deathless things,
Shuddering with delight,—
Hence !—have ye no wings ?
Speed ye from our Night !—
So haunted still by Death, and stern Despair's dark blight !

3

Thrones they seem to be,
Shades of all the Gods,—
Those th' old Lands gave Ye,
Firmaments and Floods !—
Great Mountains high and hoar, and deep umbrageous Woods !

4

Roll on your proud cars !
Shine as then ye shone,—
Royal, mystic Stars !—
Through those ages flown,
Shades of all their Gods,—ye shrink before The ONE.

5

Stars ! ye ne'er have shone
Bright enough to be,
Faintest shades of ONE,—
Lord of Heaven and Ye ;
Dread Lord of Suns and Worlds, and all the Eternity !

6

Fire-crowned Kings of Time,
Can ye thus shine down,
O'er Earth's dust, and slime,—
And nor weep, nor frown ?
But still rejoice in light, crowned with your burning Crown !

7

Is there, then, no ruth
Troubling your proud peace,—
Ye, whose quenchless youth,
May not change or cease ?—
March !—glorying still as roll the suns, the moons increase.

8

Lustrous stars !—perchance
Ye know, where ye are,
With your prophet-glance,
All shall be a Star,—
More kingly, still more proud,—Heavenlier and happier far !

9

Sons of all the Heavens !—
Gorgeous mysteries crowned !—
Sumptuous nights and evens,
Ye with light surround ;—
Do you glimpse our Land of Life without a bound ?

10

Therefore is't ye smile
O'er our pains and fears,—
Lasting but awhile,
Through swift-rushing years—
And blaze, while glittering sad, ye are glassed in our deep tears ?

T I M E.

1

Lo ! the filings and the raspings* of our scarce-considered Time,—
We should prize them all, and put them all to rightful use sublime :
 For these moments of our leisure,
 They are rich as royal treasure,
If we make them silver steps wherewith to heavenly heights to climb.

2

There is work for strenuous hands to do, for strenuous thoughts and brains,—
And for the earnest heart to guide itself, and hold itself in chains ;
 For if ye are not assiduous,
 Step by step your Foe invidious
Shall pursue his deadly march, and make ye rue his blights and banes.

* This expression is from the interesting " Prize Essay on the Great Exhibition."

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE

PASSING OF THE SUGAR-BILL, 1846.

1

EARTH !—Earth !—and canst thou longer bear
The groan of slavery's long despair,
The shadows of its gloom ?
Canst thou endure th' abhorrent wrong,
If thou art armed, and brave, and strong,
To stamp the Horror's doom ?

2

Know, while in yoke of suffering bound,
One crushed and tortured wretch is found,
On *thy* brow is the brand !
Accurs'd shall states and races be
That boast *their own* high liberty,
And bind their brother's hand.

3

While groaning o'er his world-wide grave
 Remains one scourged and outraged slave,
 Ne'er boast your Force or Fame !
His wrongs are venom in your veins,
His degradations are your stains,
 His martyrdom—*your* shame.

4

His every anguish is *your* crime !
 Beware ! or this shall through all time,
 Attest your base unworth !
 His scars are your enormous guilt,
 Your sin, each heart-drop he hath spilt,
 Dishonour to you, Earth !

5

A generation all of Cains,
 Red—red—with deadliest murder-stains,
 This generation seems,
 If they, while knowing th' awful truth,
 Steeled 'gainst remorse, and deaf to ruth,
 Staunch not the out-welling streams.

6

Perish the Monster-Plague that grinds
All Nations through their thoughts and minds,
 While they That Wrong allow !
 While they submit, and coward-like bend,
 Their sanction to such deeds to lend,—
 That sanction dare avow.

7

One land enslaved should frown like Night,—
 One fettered people cast a blight,
 O'er twice ten thousand free :
 Vainly ye boast,—while these things last,—
 Your pride of Present and of Past,—
 Freedom from Sea to Sea.

8

Freedom ?—not while a single slave,
 Doomed in unsuccoured pangs to rave,
 Contaminates our sphere !
 Lo ! million millions free, should be,
 Barred from *Heaven-bless'd* true liberty,
 While One mourns, shackled here !

9

Freedom !—forswear the sacred sound !—
 It is *not* freedom if you 're bound
 To such degrading needs ;—
 If you 're thus forced to sit and mark
 The triumph of this outrage dark,
 While Heaven's scarred image bleeds.

10

Heaven's desecrated temple, that
 Which for itself it deigned create,
 Embruted, blurred, and banned !
 Poor Slaves ! *They* even might pity those
 Who dare not grandly interpose
 With Power's avenging hand.

11

Shame on Ye !—sordid or supine,
 Who see unmoved your fellows pine,
 Whate'er your climes or creeds ;
 Fetters, and goads, and gyves may gall,
 But *more* even stings and stains the thrall,
 Of black dishonouring deeds.

12

Freedom ?—Are they not Slaves of Soul,
 Who lack the courage to control
 That evil they condemn ?
 Whose wants, whose fears, must make them still
 Thus aid the abhorred, infernal Ill,
 That yet bounds back on them.

13

Freedom ! I tell ye, No !—'t is vain,
 While round your soul of souls that chain
 Is wreathed !—the deadliest—worst,—
 Which binds ye to such grovelling mood,
 Your loftiest duties all withstood,—
 Earth !—'t is a thing accursed !

14

Then let mankind in might arise,
 (Blessed by yon just, approving skies,)
 To do the Deed of Worth !
 Be freedom to the Bound One given,
 Then frown no more, thou Outraged Heaven !
 Thou desecrated Earth !

15

Foul Upas tree of Slavery's curse,
 Dark Upas of the Universe !
 Down with it !—Root and branch !
 Unite !—Ye Nations ! each and all :
 Haste ! bid the o'ershadowing Gloom to fall
 Magnanimously staunch !

16

Hushed be those groans that seemed to scare
 Peace from the universal air,—
 Hushed—or to hymn-notes changed ;
 'T will be a Golden Age for thee,—
 World !—when fierce War and Slavery
 Are *Both* from Thee estranged.

17

Hear, all ye Nations, hear and heed,
 War shall no longer bid ye bleed,
 Perchance when Justice guides ;—
 While ye the Helpless doom to woe,
 Or suffer ev'n the coward blow,
 Heaven chastens thus and chides.

18

But heed that hand, and hear that voice
Which points your course, which prompts your choice ;
Break the slave's bonds—Be just !—
Dash down the blood-brimmed cup ;—Awake !
Your bonds of Thought and Spirit break ;
Dash them, too, in the dust.

19

Attend, ye Lands ! while yet 't is time,
Abjure the monstrous, dastard crime,
Ere worse woes spring to birth,
Crush ye that Worm which gnaws the World,—
Like that the old Northmen say lies curled
Round the huge roots of Earth !

20

Chief, Thou ! my Country ! heed and hear !
Lest Vengeance, threatening darkly near,
Should overwhelm thee in its flood ;—
Should bid thy Sun go down in ire,—
Should turn thy Seas to Seas of Fire,—
Thy Heavens—to Heavens of blood.

LINES WRITTEN IN PERU, 1850.

1

I GAZE still round,—beneath—above,
Seeking for what may best remind
Of my dear land of life and love,—
And may I hope to find ?

2

Those golden-streaming Heavens serene,
This glittering, crystal air,—
Yon tropical and lustrous scene
I hail no likeness there.

3

The very stars seem stranger-things,
And all around, beneath,
Unlike, indeed, a shadow flings,
O'er memory's magic wreath !

4

But stay !—seem England's own, those smiles,
Which sparkle far and free,
(Dear to the children of the Isles,—)
Where rolls Her own proud Sea !

5

Her own proud subject Sea,—for, say,
Where can we rest or roam,
Beside his thundering waves' wild play,
Nor hail a Briton's home ?

6

Those thunders are but welcomes sweet,
To ears that love their sound ;
Glad time the tossing billows beat,
To the free pulses' bound.

7

Where'er Men rest, where'er they roam,
Oh, thou majestic sea !
They find brave Englishmen at home,—
In England, when on Thee !

8

Home as thou art thus of Albion's sons,
Thou ever-glorious Main !—
Still seem'st thou to her faithful ones,
Part of her noble reign.

9

Throne of Our Albion and Her Sons,
Oh, Royal Sea ! thou art ;
For ever to Her faithful ones,
Of her proud reign seem part !

10

Still the outstretched Deep,—their world-wide home,—
 Like them endures no chain ;
 A loving sway is theirs who roam,
 O'er their own glorious main.

11

Do Seas where their vast Triumph rides,
 Hold their proud Empire dear ?—
 The Imperial Main,—the exultant Tides,
 Seem ruled by love, not fear !

12

Ocean !—thou art an England still
 To our fond eyes and heart ;
 And Memory needs but feeble skill
 To paint Her where *Thou* art !

ON PORTRAITS OF
MADAME LE VERT'S LOST CHILDREN
AT
MOBILE, ALABAMA.

1

BRIGHT, lovely beings !—on each imaged face
More of the angel than the child we trace ;—
More of the immortal than the mortal see,
In each mild aspect's pictured purity.

2

Sweet mother, check thy deeply mournful sighs,
Grieve not to spare those seraphs to the skies ;
Ah ! not for them need flow the bitter tear,
How blest their sunny fate, both *There* and *Here* !

3

Oh ! not for them should sorrow's drops be shed !
We scarce can dream they died, scarce deem they fled ;
Still round them seemed to smile, all fresh and fair,
A happier world's serener, clearer air.

4

'T was scarce a change, 't was scarce a second birth,
More of Elysium knew they than of Earth !—
From Love to Love, from living Light to Light,
How smooth the transit, and how short the flight !

5

Still seemed to shine, even round their life below,
Bright Immortality's ethereal glow ;
Seemed but transplanted hence, each precious flower,
Back to its native soil, ere frowned one shower.

6

And what to them was Death's pale Kiss of Peace,
That bade the flutter of life's pulse to cease ?
Though swift the stroke, though brief the warning given,
'T was *but* a step from such a Home—to Heaven !

7

Yes, short the flight, yet it was bright and bless'd,
They soared, soft-cradled, on an angel's breast ;—
All bliss is theirs,—thus called from life's young bloom,
Though Home seemed Heaven, 't is Heaven indeed is Home.

8

And when thyself shalt leave this world of gloom,
Shall Death's stern Angel call thee to thy tomb ?—
Surely thy Soul shall pass, from earth and strife,
Freed by the dearest Angels of thy Life !

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1

